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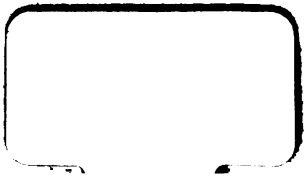

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PHANTASMION:

PRINCE OF PALMLAND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Vol. XX.

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Edited by

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PHANTASMION.

CHAPTER I.

PHANTASMION ESCAPES FROM PRISON AND PRESENTS HIMSELF TO IARINE IN DISGUISE.

Dark and cold was the place in which Phantasmion was confined, and such as might have chilled a less ardent temper than his, but he paced the stone floor, like a leopard in a cage, devising plans of escape, and nursing hopes of vengeance. He had now leisure to review the events of the morning, and now he surmised that Maudra had sent Iarine to meet Karadan at the suggestion of her wily counsellor, because she desired, at any cost, to remove her from the eyes of Glandreth; that the dark youth had planned to carry her away, and that their schemes and his own had been frustrated by the intervention of Oloola. "The spirit of the storm cannot conquer the heart of Iarine!"

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cried he; "other things may change for the better, and that will never change for the worse."

Thus he hoped and triumphed, but no food was given him, and his limbs were painfully pinioned, so that after a certain length of time he sank on the floor, exhausted and spiritless. His eyes were fixed in anguish on the massy door, at the top of the stone steps, by which he had descended into the dungeon, when he heard the bolts withdrawn and, in a few moments, Glandreth stood before him, sumptuously attired, and with a flaming lamp in his hand. "King of Palmland," said he, with a smile, "why hast thou chosen to conceal from a brother chief thy rank and dignity?" "A brother chief!" ejaculated the captive, in high disdain. "I know thee now," pursued Glandreth, "and can offer terms suitable to thy rank. Deign to read that scroll: I may not tarry to hear thy reply, for I must visit my fair mistress Iarine, who will brook delay on my part worse than thou wilt. Early to-morrow thou shalt see me again, and the light of the sun also, if thou approvest the conditions." So saying, he placed the lamp and the scroll on the ground beside the prisoner, and, without loosing his bands, or giving him a morsel of food, quitted the dungeon. Phantasmion began to peruse the writing laid before him by his adversary, and found only such proposals as roused his indignation. "No!" he exclaimed aloud, "rather than yield half my kingdom, and, what I value more than the whole of it, my claim

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on the hand of Iarine, let the floor of this dungeon be my death bed! here let me perish since Potentilla does not come to my aid." Just as he had spoken thus, Phantasmion beheld a multitude of saw-flies with yellow bodies and black heads, flitting toward the light of the lamp; along with them came numbers of wasps, and the youth shrank as he beheld the mingled swarm approaching himself. He had little cause for fear; they alighted on the cords that bound his arms and wings, and, setting resolutely to work, the wasps, with their jaws, the flies with their rasping instruments, they severed the tough threads, till the prisoner, by a single effort, snapped the weakened bands; at that moment his arms were stretched at full length, and his wings broke forth like the tender leaves of a tree when released from their gummy sheath. Away flew the whole company of wasps and flies, and, while they were disappearing by the narrow space between the bottom of the door and the top of the stairs, Phantasmion perceived a host of bees entering on the opposite side. They flew to a corner of the roof, and, holding up the lamp, he saw that waxen combs were suspended above his head, and that the bees were there depositing the honey which they had just collected in the gardens of the island. Phantasmion now acknowledged that he had not been neglected by Potentilla, who had been employed in his service ever since he entered the dungeon. He soon gained possession of the luscious store, which the

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bees abandoned at his approach; and having feasted on the honey, found his strength and his hopes return together, nay, felt as jocund as one that has drunk new wine. In this mood he passed the remainder of the night, and, when a few faint rays of the dawn found their way beneath the door into his gloomy abode, he ascended the steps to examine a painted roll which Glandreth had let fall as he left the dungeon; it was all emblazoned with gay devices, in the midst of which Phantasmion read these lines:—

False Love, too long thou hast delay'd
Too late I make my choice;
Yet win for me that precious maid,
And bid my heart rejoice:
Then shall mine eyes shoot youthful fire,
My cheek with triumph glow,
And other maids that glance desire,
Which I on one bestow.

Make her with smile divinely bland
Beam sunshine o'er my face,
And Time shall touch with gentlest hand
What she hath deign'd to grace;
O'er scanty locks full wreaths I'll wear;
No wrinkled brow to shade,
For joy will smooth the furrows there,
Which earlier griefs have made.

Though sports of youth be tedious toil,
When youth has pass'd away,
I'll cast aside the martial spoil
With her light locks to play;
Yea turn, sweet maid, from tented field
To rove where dew-drops shine,
Nor care what hand the sceptre wield,
So thou wilt grant me thine.

Before the lamp expired, Phantasmion fed its

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flame with this testimony of his rival's passion, then re-ascended the steps, and stationed himself beside the door. Hearing a key thrust into the lock he hovered above it, on balanced wings, face downward, and, while Glandreth was beginning to descend, rushed past him out of the dungeon. The fugitive played his vans faster and faster, till he had cleared the island, then away over the lake he floated through clear fields of air, as if borne along by the breeze, without a movement of his outspread pinions.

He alighted in the midst of that thicket where he had formerly spent the night, and looked about with momentary dread to see that no snake yet lurked there. Scarcely had he finished hiding his wings, when the fisherman's ancient dame came in sight, and, being startled at his unexpected appearance, let her bundle of sticks fall to the ground. The youth accosted her kindly, and began to collect her scattered burden, while she seized the opportunity of chatting and asking questions. "Thou hast travelled far since we saw thee last," she cried; "but there is no city in Almaterra so well worth going to see as the capital of this country, Diamantha." "How knowest thou that I have not been to see it?" said the prince, with a smile. "I think thou wouldst hardly come away," said Telza, "just as the court are going thither." "Are they going thither?" inquired the prince; "ah! methinks, I heard tell of this; and when will they set out?"

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"This very day," replied the dame; "come to my cottage and thou wilt see them pass." By the time that Phantasmion reached a rising ground, just beyond that lowly cot, the royal train might be seen winding along the vale: and, long after they were out of sight, he stood looking after them wrapped in thought. Telza marked his countenance. "The last time thou wert here," said she, "our lovely princess passed by: truly till thou hast seen her thou hast not set eyes on the fairest thing in Rockland."

Phantasmion partook once more of Telza's hospitality and learned from the fisherman, her husband, that Glandreth was not travelling with the King and Queen, but was still at the Island. Forthwith he resolved to follow Iarine, and, taking leave of the aged pair, pursued his journey alone; but presently, fearing that he might stray out of the right course, he looked about for some one to guide or direct him. So doing he espied a number of tall peasant girls with baskets on their heads, and saw them sit down by the way-side to eat their provisions. "Who are these lofty maidens?" inquired the youth. A passing countryman, to whom he had spoken, made answer, "They come from a certain glen, and are bound for a neighbouring town, where they expect to sell the fruit in their baskets: some of them will not need to go so far, for this evening they will overtake the royal household who are already encamped at no great distance." Phan-

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tasmion approached one of the damsels: "Are all the women of your valley as tall as thou and thy comrades, fair maiden?" he said. "No women are so tall as those of our glen," she replied; "and no fruit is so fine as that which we gather on the tops of our hills. Prithee taste and buy." "I will buy thy whole basket," answered he, "if I may purchase thy cloak and head-gear too:—and how might I procure the secresy of thy comrades, were I to go along with them thus disguised?" That affair was quickly despatched by the mountain maiden, who dighted the prince in her upper vest and muffling head dress, placed her basket on his head, and departed to a cottage hard by with more gold in her hand than the baskets of all the company were like to gain. The prince went on with the rest of the band, and, about evening, espied a number of tents erected at the entrance of a wood. The women were soon dispersed among them, eager to gain purchasers for their fruit, and Phantasmion, having learnt that the princess was wandering in the forest, hastily went in search of her, followed by some of his new associates. Soon he hears a rustling amid the leaves, a bird falls from its lofty perch, and young Albinet shouts for joy. "Sister!" he cried, "my little bow and arrows will shoot as well as the longest and strongest in the land." "I prithee aim not at me, young archer!" cried a voice from amid the trees; nor take me for a white heron or long-necked

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crane!" Phantasmion hastened on. The voice was at some distance, but believing it to be that of Iarine he wondered at such lively tones. Soon he entered a glade, where three white-robed damsels were standing beside a rivulet; the first who was looking toward the wood, was Zelneth; Iarine and Leucoia were talking together at a little distance. The youth drew his head-dress, which he had begun to push aside, close over his face, while his comrades offered their fruit to the lady. "Here are the tall mountainers," cried she, "with their pleasant cloud-berries; let us sit beside that elder tree and eat the dainty fruit." Phantasmion was by this time kneeling before Iarine and vainly endeavouring to catch her eye, unperceived by Leucoia; but Zelneth called him away to place the fruit in his basket on broad leaves which grew near the brook, and, while this repast was eaten, the maidens' talk went on. "I have little doubt," said Iarine, "that we shall find Karadan at Diamantha, near the northern palace. Arzene's heart may soon be set at ease." "Nay," cried Zelneth, "it is more likely that we shall find him about the Black Lake, for it was there that he escaped again from those who were sent to bring him home." "Was he imprisoned in the dark vault of the tower, or in the castle?" asked Leucoia. "Karadan imprisoned!" said Iarine. "I meant that other youth, of whom thou and Zelneth were speaking," replied her cousin. "He was confined in the tower," answered

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Iarine with tears, "and perhaps he is a prisoner still." "And thou didst nothing to set him free!" exclaimed Zelneth: "I would have died"—here the damsel checked her hasty speech, struck by an eager countenance which reminded her of Semiro. But Phantasmion turned away, and the startling likeness was forgotten when Iarine offered her a key, and in an earnest tone rejoined, "Then go thou to the Island, and open his prison door." "I am ready to attend thee, Zelneth," cried Leucoia, quickly rising from her seat. "Why didst thou not release the captive thyself?" said Zelneth, as she took the key. "I was prevented by the queen;" Iarine replied: "she met me as I descended the steps of the tower, where I had discovered it beneath the tapestry, and, full of misplaced suspicion, angrily sent me to my chamber." "And thou wilt seek for Karadan," said Zelneth, "while we perform this charitable errand?" "O hasten to perform it this very hour," exclaimed the lovely princess. "Yon cloud above the wood is yet full of radiance, and even when the sun declines, it is pleasant travelling by the softer beams of the moon." "Which will not rise this night, sweet cousin," Zelneth made reply. "For that favouring countenance we may vainly pray, as luckless Karadan does for thine."

Then the three slender damsels and the manlike mountaineers with their princely companion quitted the lawn and pursued their way through the wood. "Come, Albinet! we are returning!" cried Iarine,

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but the boy, with a laugh, went and hid himself among the underwood. Phantasmion kept by the side of Iarine, and, when Zelneth and Leucoia stepped forward, he pulled her robe. The princess looked up in surprise, but at that moment the dark-eyed maiden turned back to address her cousin;—"What will our mother think of this journey?" she cried, "and, after all, what thanks shall I earn?" "A thousand thanks!" said Iarine, blushing deeply. "From thee, but not from him!" murmured Zelneth. "I will never repine," Iarine answered, "whatever guerdon he offers thee." Zelneth smiled and again stepped forward with Leucoia; Phantasmion once more touched Iarine's robe and whispered, "I am here; and subject to no will but thine." Joy now animated her trembling frame, and when Zelneth addressed her once more she wondered at the glow of happiness that mantled on her cheek. "Unhappy Karadan!" sighed the maiden. "Hush!" cried Iarine; "my father is approaching." Then Leucoia impatiently beckoned to Zelneth: "Come, sister," she cried, "if thou art resolved on this journey we must mount our steeds without delay."

The daughters of Magnart now departed, after taking leave of their kinswoman, who remained within the wood, and beheld the crimson sun half sunk below the distant plain, betwixt bare shafts of trees, which looked like pillars of ebony. Over their rugged roots Albinian was slowly advancing, his thin white locks just tinged with red by the

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sunbeams Glandreth and his armed band were close behind, their casques glittering brightly, while their shadows blackened the ground. The chief strode on before them, passing Zelneth and Leucoia without a glance, for he had discerned Iarine in the wood. With firm step and lofty port he came, while the tottering Albinian hurried on when he perceived his approach, and went to lean upon the lady's arm. "Give me the hand of the fair princess, thy daughter," said Glandreth, "and thou shalt have a firmer support than she alone can give." The old man's face appeared convulsed with inward passion; he strove to speak, but words failing him, shook his head and waved the chief away.

Glandreth, incensed by the refusal of Albinian, impetuously took the lady's hand from his, and the feeble man, overthrown by that sudden movement, fell to the earth. Iarine turned her indignant eye upon the proud usurper, and would have knelt by the side of Albinian, but the chief detained her hand, till Phantasmion leaning forward from the group of damsels, forced him to release it, seizing his arm with no friendly grasp. Astonished that a woman could assault him thus, he turned about and was wounded at that moment in the cheek by a small arrow which flew from the underwood. Then believing himself surrounded by concealed enemies, he shouted to his armed men, who were still in the back ground. They hastened into the wood, but scarcely had they entered it, when a cloud de-

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scended from on high and hung, like a canopy, over the tops of the tall trees. That canopy was composed of innumerable winged insects: every moment it grew thicker and thicker, and the soldiers groped about in total darkness, unable to find their chief. He, meantime, was battling with armies of moths, which, as fast as he cut them away with his sword, continued to swarm around him undiminished, and soon his men at arms were engaged in like manner: they ran against the trees, and straggled in all directions into the wood, trying to escape from their countless antagonists. Phantasmion seized by mistake, the robe of Albinian, who was clinging to Iarine, and whispered in his ear. "My fairest, dost thou still love the stranger from Palmland?" a low groan was the only answer to this fond inquiry. The youth let go his hold and rushed away to a little distance: there the cloud of insects dispersed right above his head, and, looking up into the clear space, he beheld Potentilla, cloaked in wide moth wings, hovering aloft. She beckoned to Phantasmion; he dropped his feminine garb, and soaring upwards floated by the side of his guardian Fairy through the dim grey sky. By the time that both were out of sight, the wood was free from insects: the sun's flaming ball had sunk, and no moon had arisen; but one large star was shooting its diamond rays just over the top of a sable fir tree.

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CHAPTER II.

POTENTILLA WEAVES A WONDROUS WEB FOR PHANTASMION.

Potentilla guided Phantasmion to the chief palace of Rockland, situate between the sea and Diamantha, after he had procured the dress of a peasant by the way. The travellers rested in an orange grove, and, when the prince besought Potentilla to deliver Iarine from the power of Glandreth and Maudra, she made answer, "To-morrow, the courtly company will arrive at this place. I cannot give thee troops of horse and men in armour to meet them; but I will exhibit a strange spectacle, and, while the crowd are gazing at it thou mayst carry off the princess to the sea shore. There the son of Magnart hath a skiff in readiness; for he still hopes to win Iarine, and carry her to a secret bower in Nemoroso. This vessel, if thou art before-hand with him, may transport thy fair one and thee to Palmland."

The heart of Phantasmion bounded with joyful expectation when he heard the Fairy speak thus. He donned his rustic disguise, took a pruning hook

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in his hand, and, when he saw any one approach, seemed to be busy among the shrubs. He fed on the fruits of the garden, and at night lay down to sleep in a clump of trees, close by the principal entrance to the royal domain. Right in front of that gate, at the top of a gentle ascent, over which the road led to the Diamanthine palace, was a triumphal arch of light architecture, erected to commemorate the conquest of Tigridia, but now overgrown with climbing plants and decked with their gay blossoms. Phantasmion had not reposed long when he was awakened by an eager dream: he thought he saw the royal procession enter the great gate and advance toward the archway. One by one the company seemed to be pacing along; Iarine passes, but still he is chained to the turf where he lies; the damsel floats on,—she gains the arch, but, just as she is about to disappear, Phantasmion starts up. The dream has vanished, but the scene remains, and, by the pale light of the midnight sky, he discerns a strange object under the festive fabric: a spider, as big as a wolf, is wheeling round and round within the circuit of the lofty arch, spinning and weaving as she goes. The frame-work of her giant web is formed, the warp is laid out, and now she is travelling round and round to fill in the gummy woof. Not long afterwards Phantasmion beheld the fairy artisan depart, in the manner of spiders, shooting long lines into the air, and seeming to fly without wings. Upwards she

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travels, and now she darts across the moon's bow, and now she is a black spot in the midst of a twinkling constellation. Phantasmion slept again, and the first object that struck his newly opened eyes, was the magic web, looking like a wheel of fire in the rosy light of morning. Anon those flames expired: every spoke and cross thread appeared to be a shining icicle, and the whole might have been taken for a crystal net; but soon the elastic substance began to undulate beneath a gentle breeze, and all the scarlet blossoms, which flaunted over it, were softly heaved up and down. Phantasmion feared that the delicate apparition would melt away before the travellers arrived; but the sun, as it grew stronger and stronger, had no power to dissolve that fabric, and, while a crowd was advancing from the palace to view it close at hand, the courtly train, being suddenly arrested on entering the great gate by this unexpected sight, and utterly forgetful of every other object, stood gazing in wonder at the magic web. Phantasmion easily recognized Iarine amid a bevy of damsels, though she and all of them were veiled from head to foot. He shaded his brow with his peasant's cap, and, approaching the princess, eagerly whispered, "Come with me, and I will explain this wonder." The lady started, threw down her veil, which she had partly drawn aside, to survey the spectacle, and, after a few moments' hesitation, stole away into the wide plain beyond the precincts

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of the palace. Phantasmion followed, full of hope and joy, and beheld Iarine, fleet as an antelope, speeding across the moor. She had gained some ground at first, and, so swiftly did she bound along, that the youth came not up with her till she had sunk down among the trees of a shady copse. Great was his surprise when he arrived here, to find the princess, her veil thrown off, clad in the habit of a shepherdess, with a crook in her hand. "Wherefore is this disguise?" he cried, "and why hast thou fled hither? on the sea coast we shall find a vessel wherein we may sail to Palmland, and thence up the great river to my very palace gates." Iarine replied, "My heart is thine, and yet I may not go with thee; I am bound by a vow to make a pilgrimage elsewhere; the strongest proof of love which thou canst give will be to let me instantly depart and ask not whither I am going." Phantasmion felt like one who has dreamt of golden fruit, and, waking, sees what he had dreamt of glowing nigh, but finds his arms fettered, his feet fastened to the ground. "This device of thine," she said, "has enabled me to escape, just as I had begun to despair of what I so anxiously desired. If my enterprise succeds, I shall owe that happiness to thee." Cheerily the maiden spoke, yet could not choose but weep, while Phantasmion remained speechless and tearful, looking in her face with imploring eyes, as if he hoped by the mute eloquence of his grief, to melt away her resolution.

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Iarine cut off one of her long ringlets, tied it round the arm of the sorrowful youth, and smiling playfully yet tenderly, bound him with that silken fetter to the branch of a shrub. "Farewell!" she said, "when next we meet thou mayest fasten the chain on me; and, if it binds me to thyself, believe that I will gladly wear it even to my life's end." Then she took up her shepherd's crook, and hastened away, nor turned her head till her motions were scarce to be discerned by him she left behind through the dimness of distance. Phantasmion sought not to follow her, but, long after she was out of sight, he stood in the same attitude as when she disappeared, clasping the glossy ringlet in unconscious hands.

At length he moved away, and, wandering along with uncertain steps, found himself once more beside the archway. It was now past noon-day, and all the gazers had dispersed; but still the magic web remained, and, while he was looking at it with sorrowful eyes, he saw a beautiful bird called a chinquis fly into it, and become entangled in its meshes. While it fluttered there he recognized it as one which he had been wont to caress and feed in Palmland, and which had gained the name of the moon-bird, from the sky-blue moons or mirrors which adorned its wings and train. "Poor bird," said the prince, "thou hast followed me hither out of love! thou shalt not perish in these toils, if I can set thee at liberty." He threw off his upper vest,

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fanned the air lightly with his pinions, and, forgetting the supernatural strength and tenacity of Potentilla's work, laboured to free the bird till he himself became entangled, and struggling to disengage his wings was only the more firmly glued to the web. Thus he hung, suspended in the centre of the arch, with the moon-bird by his side, while a set of rustics who beheld him from the open gate, believed him to be some deity that presided over the feathered tribes, and gazed at his wings in silent wonder. All his struggles to escape were vain, till a large eagle, rushing upon the moon-bird, became likewise entangled in the toils. He with his strong pinions shook the net so violently, that at last it was rent asunder: aloft he flew with great part of the web clinging to his back, and Phantasmion was dashed upon the ground. For some moments he lay under the triumphal arch with his eyes closed and his senses gone; but, coming to himself, he beheld the pretty moon-bird hovering affectionately over him. Then he arose, drew on his cloak, and hastened out of the royal precincts; having gained a lonely place, he tried his wings, but, finding they were too much injured to sustain him aloft, except during very short flights, full of sorrow and perplexity, he took his way to the sea shore.

Karadan had gone thither before him; Karadan stood on the rocky beach, and raising to his lips a trumpet-formed shell, produced a sound in which the tones of the wind, as it whistles through a

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crevice, were combined with the deep, full, swelling voice of many waters. The blast was borne over the liquid plain, and soon a woman's form arose from the ocean; the setting sun threw its orange glow on the bloodless visage of Seshelma, as onward she came, cleaving the amber flood; a smile widened her flat face and glittered in her yellow eyes, unshaded by lashes, and, thus illumined her countenance looked like that of a demon brightened by surrounding flames. "Where is Iarine?" exclaimed Karadan; "hath my rival carried her away, and have thy promises come to this?" "Iarine is gone to Nemorosa," replied the sorceress, "and he to whom she has given her heart is not far off." At these words Seshelma smiled maliciously upon Karadan, and the youth uttered a deep groan. "Accursed be the day," he cried, "when I entered into a league with thee! Iarine loves my rival and what fruit have I of this wicked bond?" "Do my bidding as heretofore," said the woman-fish, "and thou shalt banish thy rival from the maiden's heart." "Away!" cried Karadan, impatiently; "thy promises are but vain lures." "What!" was the reply; "have I not put into thy hands the silver pitcher?" "That is true," cried the youth; "what hast thou to propose?" "The king of Palmland," she answered, hath Iarine's infant brother secreted in his palace: place that child in my power, and I will cause the maiden to believe that Phantasmion has delivered him to me. Agree to this and I will tran-

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sport thee to his royal domain long before he can return to it: thou shalt travel swiftly by the sea and up the large river which flows past the palace of Palmland to enter the ocean." Cold drops stood on Karadan's brow while he debated within himself on this proposal; at last he exclaimed, "O never will I betray the child that Iarine loves to this monster! One sacrifice I have promised; to gain that heavenly maid, I have made a vow which renders me unworthy to possess her. Surely I have never loved aright." Seshelma laughed, and that long drawn jeering laugh blended with the bubble and hiss of the waters and died into the piping of the wind: but no angry emotion ruffled the glazed surface of her face, as she fronted the youth's agitated countenance. "Do as thou wilt," she replied; "perchance thou art wise to cease contending in this cause, for who can alter the fixed purposes of fate? There are spirits of the flood that can see into futurity."—"Did they tell thee of her I love?" interrupted Karadan, with vehemence; "shall the maid be mine?" "Never!" answered Seshelma, and again she laughed, while it semed as if her laugh was re-echoed by a lurking train under the waters, till it passed off into the noises of the ocean. Treacherous fiend!" Karadan shrieked aloud, "shall Phantasmion possess Iarine? Dost thou answer, yes? unsay that word and I will come and dwell with thee, all hideous as thou art, in dark and breathless caves for ever!" Furiously he rush-

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ed forward and seized her extended arm, whereat a lightning flash of electricity shot through his frame; his impotent grasp relaxed; he stood motionless, cramped in every muscle, and with anguish-stricken eyes, bent in fixed stare upon the deep, beheld the enchantress holding up her hands in mockery, while she retreated backwards through the ocean, leisurely rocking up and down with the waves, as if she resigned herself, like a drifting vessel, to their guidance.

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CHAPTER LII.

PHANTASMION RETURNS TO PALMLAND BY SEA.

MEANTIME Phantasmion approached the sea shore by a thickly wooded gorge, the lovely Chinquis flying by his side or before him, then rushing up among the trees to play hide and seek with her master, as she had been wont to do in the groves of Palmland. From between the last rocks of the valley appeared a small portion of the sea, in the midst of which, a little skiff moved on the dark waves with white sails gleaming in the twilight. The moon-bird paused not with Phantasmion to note that object, but skimming on, now hither now thither, with careless waste of motion, flew unawares against the face of Karadan, as he turned an angle of the winding road. The youth, being suddenly startled in his miserable mood, lifted an angry hand and smote the bird with such force that it fell to the ground; whereupon Phantasmion sprang forward, and the two princely rivals stood face to face. "Well met!" cried the young king of Palmland; "I have not come hither in vain, since I have encountered thee. Let us fight now for that pitcher which hangs to thy girdle." "So be it!" cried

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Karadan, hastily unfastening the vessel; "I will show thee a good place, smooth and light." He hurried on; till, coming within a stone's throw of a chasm amid the rocks, he raised his hand to fling the pitcher down that dark abyss, hoping thus to prevent its falling to the lot of his rival, let the event of the conflict be what it might. But Phantasmion, springing forward, stayed his arm; the pitcher fell at his feet; Karadan in desperation drew his dagger, and was rushing on his unguarded adversary, when the moon-bird, which had risen from the ground unobserved, flew upon him and darted her beak into his eye. A stream of blood gushed down his cheek; he was still feeble from the effects of Seshelma's touch, and, overpowered by this second blow, he fell fainting on the ground. Phantasmion resolved to secure the pitcher, and fight with Karadan on some future opportunity; he began to draw it from under the body of the youth, who opened his eyes and groaned deeply, but had not strength to stir. The prince saw that his lips moved, but no articulate sounds reached the listener's ear. He desisted for a moment, then renewed his attempt, and, pulling out the pitcher, sought to place it under his cloak, but the handle slipped out of his fingers; he took it up again, but the same thing happened; then he would have seized the vessel by the lip, but, like those insects which elude the grasp with their finely polished cases or pliant hair, it still glided away; he might as well have tried to hold

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quicksilver, and, after many vain attempts, he began to suspect that he was foiled by some invisible being. "Can Seshelma prevail here," he cried, "among rocks and trees and flowery banks?" Phantasmion cast his eyes around him on all sides; at a little distance from the place where he stood grew a tall branching plant, sheeted with blossoms, which at this evening hour were newly opened, when other plants had closed their dewy cups and bells. At mid-day the hue of those flowers would have looked wan and spiritless; but now that the sky was sobered, now that scarlet and crimson began to blacken, while blue, lilac, and green were growing all alike, the silver yellow gleam of the broad disk, which gathered in the light, like eyes of night birds, had a noticeable lustre, and they seemed to be the beautiful spectres of blossoms that had perished in the day. Just above that luminous plant appeared another spectre, yet more softly resplendent. It was the Fairy Feydeleen, with warning hand outstretched toward the youth of Palmland. "Phantasmion!" she whispered, "the tears of Arzene have prevailed, and, even against thee, I must guard her truant son. Go hence, I beseech thee, and trouble him no more." The young monarch obeyed; he proceeded down the glen, and, looking back, ere the path turned away, beheld the delicate fairy pouring balm from a chalice on the eyes of Karadan.

And now Phantasmion has entered the little skiff, and is about to leave those hostile shores, when on

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the summit of the cliff, high over-head, he beholds two figures, the indistinct lineaments of which, seen through the dusk, fill his soul with apprehension. That stony outline of an armed form, sharp as the rugged rock, and that soft quivering plume belong to none but Glandreth, while, on the other side, vast wings upraised, and moveless, bespeak the presence of Oloola. She points to an eagle that flies overhead with threads of network hanging from its feathers; It is the one that rent Potentilla's web; Glandreth looks after the bird, then eagerly renews his discourse; what words he uttered were inaudible to Phantasmion, but the gale brought to his ear Oloola's resonant reply. "Phantasmion has not carried her away: she is gone to seek a spring of healing waters; for the sake of Albinian and of Albinet, she roams afar." The youth listened eagerly: Glandreth's discourse was a dull murmur, but Oloola spake again, and her words appeared to have been blown through a trumpet. "While Phantasmion goes in search of Iarine, Glandreth shall conquer the Land of Palms." then Glandreth shouted for joy till all the rocks re-echoed, and Phantasmion saw that Oloola had disappeared from the cliff. He was still watching Glandreth and listening to the uproar which his voice raised along the shore, when the little vessel in which he stood was suddenly lifted up and whirled about in the air, while the sea dashed and roared and eddied underneath, as if a waterspout had fallen on the spot. The moon-bird, having no pow-

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er to resist that blast, eddied round and round without the vessel; but gradually the wind fell, the sea grew smooth, and the fragile bark settled on the water, as a falcon sinks to her nest after wheeling about restlessly in the air. Meantime Phantasmion heard a voice on high, and it sent these words to his ear, "I swore to serve him till Anthemmina's dying day."

The moon is up, and two large stars, bright spots of light, appear as if they had dropped out of her beaming crescent; Phantasmion admires not the moon, nor fancies an invisible chain by which those pendant gems may be linked to her golden bow. The chinquis rests upon the mast and sleeps in the moonlight, her splendid train, with all its mirrors, reflecting the mild rays of night: but the prince of Palmland gazes not on her: in thought he is following the lovely pilgrim through dangerous woods and wilds. Thus he coasted along, coming to land now and then for provisions, till he reached Palmland, and sailed up the principal river to his own abode. Weary and dispirited, he reached his palace gates, and scarce had arrived at the pomegranate tree when the faithful chinquis, which had never wholly recovered Karadan's blow, fell dead at his feet. Phantasmion sate upon the ground, and shed tears over the lifeless bird: but Potentilla came behind him and cheerily exclaimed, "Weep no more for the dead, but take thought for the living." The prince looked up; "I have gained the heart

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of Iarine," said he; "but I cannot make her my wife because of Glandreth and Karadan." Potentilla replied, "Surely my aid has availed thee somewhat; perchance it may enable thee to gain still more."

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CHAPTER IV.

IARINE VISITS THE HOUSE OF MALDERYL IN COMPANY WITH PENSELIMER.

WHILE Phantasmion sailed homeward, Iarine was wandering through the wilds of Tigridia, at every hut where she obtained food and shelter inquiring, as if by chance, concerning the situation of Malderyl's mansion, but telling no one that she was thither bound. Could the sweet feelings and glad thoughts, which she excited wherever she went among the pastoral people of the land, have sprung up into visible flowers, it would have been seen that she left a blooming track behind her, and, like the sun, drew virtue from the coldest soil. One evenning she entered a green dell between woods, where a shepherd was conducting his sheep to the fold: a youth who accompanied her knew this old man, and having commended her to his care departed to the great distress of the maiden, who feared lest wild beasts should attack him on his way home as the shades of night came on. The shepherd tried to lessen her fears by relating how Ulander of Nemorosa had thinned the uger inhabitants of the

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land. "In these woods," said he, "I doubt if a brindled coat remains, for here it was that the huntsman chief and his comrades procured a band of tigerlings for Queen Maudra. I wish this country paid no other tribute to the barren Land of Rocks than that. Here the parents were murdered, and the young preserved to flesh their teeth on the subjects of king Phantasmion." While the old man stood talking to Iarine, describing with lively gestures, the battle of tigers, the braying of horns, the crashing of boughs, and the yelling of wounded beasts, many of his sheep as if glad to steal away from the oft-told tale, had straggled into the woody glen, which was full of soft herbage, and Iarine offered to guard the main body of his flock while he went in search of the truants; so thanking her for that courtesy, taking a weapon of defence from his girdle, and placing his crook in her hand, he hastened away. The lovely princess led the flock slowly onward till she arrived at a stream, which crossed the dell, and had been swollen by sudden rains to a torrent: here she paused, waiting for the shepherd, and, while the sheep eyed the water, thinking perchance of a ford lower down, where they had crossed in the morning, Iarine's mind had travelled back to her father and Albinet, thence to her baby brother, and all the time was not wholly absent from Phantasmion. At last she began to think that the old man was long away, and looked up with pleasure when she heard foot-

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steps advancing; but he who now stood before her was more like a king than a rustic swain; his attire, though black, was costly, his countenance abstracted and grave. He stopped to look at Iarine, as she lifted up a dripping lamb which had slipped into the water, and, seeing that she eyed him anxiously, as if desirous yet afraid to speak (for indeed she wished to inquire whether he had seen the shepherd,) his eye lit up with expectation, and in an eager tone he exclaimed;—"Hast thou aught to tell me of the silver pitcher? Surely thou art akin to Anthemmina, for there is something in thy face like hers." Iarine was startled at being accosted thus, but in a few mimntes felt assured that she must be in company with Penselimer of Almaterra. "I know not what has become of the silver pitcher;" she said; "would that I could hear tidings of it! But meantime I feel anxious lest the shepherd, whose flock I am guarding, may have met some accident in yonder wood." "I trust he has not fallen in with a tiger," said the king, "such a fell beast as lately carried off my horse at noonday." Then, taking a javelin from his belt, he hastened in the direction which Iarine pointed out, and soon the maiden saw him return followed by the truant sheep, and bearing in his arms the old shepherd, who had fallen down a ravine, formed by a recent flood, and so disabled himself. He directed Iarine to a shallower part of the stream where her fleecy charge were able to pass over. She

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penned the sheep in the fold while Penselimer carried their owner to his cottage; then, repairing to that rustic abode, she assisted the shepherd's daughter to tend his wounds and prepare the evening meal.

Penselimer sate beside the hearth, seeing forms in the fire which appeared to no one but himself; for as soon as he had placed the old man in safety, his thoughts had all flown back to the silver pitcher. When Iarine's employment was over, and she too sate down, he offered, out of courtesy, to guard her during the rest of her journey, and hearing in what direction she must proceed, declared that he should lose no time in attending her, as the way she spoke of would bring him to the house of Malderyl, whither he desired to go. There was a damsel in the cottage, who had bashfully drawn back when the strangers entered; while Iarine was helping the shepherd lass, she took the maiden's wheel into a corner, and span; but hearing Penselimer speak in a low voice of Malderyl, she stayed both hand and foot, and leaned forward to catch the words of his discourse. Iarine, then first beholding her countenance by the fire light, felt a sudden glow of alarm, so much did it resemble that of Karadan: the passionate black eye, the brow, the dark skin, all seemed his, aad just such a green and crimson roll as he commonly wore, concealed her locks. The shy damsel seeing herself noted, resumed her spinning, and Iarine smiled at

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her own suspicion when she saw her thus quietly employed.

Early the next morning the princess went forth again in company with Penselimer, who related the story of his unfortunate love for Anthemmina; then at length she understood how her own fate depended on the silver pitcher, and saw that Karadan had told no feigned tale when he showed it her upon the Island. Penselimer did not observe her sorrowful countenance, but continued talking of himself. "It is strange," said he, with the smiling face of a child, that wears his newest, finest suit; "that I, who am the most unhappy among men, should be the envy of beings who dwell on high. The truth is, they hate me on account of Anthemmina, foreseeing that I shall regain her love if I can but find the pitcher. Therefore they watch me with their bright eyes incessantly; and even at this hour, though I cannot see them, I well know that they are keenly observing me." Iarine cast up her blue eyes to the sky, with a look of pity and wonder. "Their unheard of persecutions," added he, "excited the compassion of the veiled lady Melledine, who bade me repair to her sister Malderyl, and gave me good hope that, through her, I should regain what I had lost." The maiden rejoiced on hearing Melledine's name, and surmised that Penselimer was to recover his lost senses by means of the blessed spring of which she herself was in search.

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The travellers rested at noon beside a stream, and Iarin sought to persuade her companion that the notions which he dwelt upon were shadows of no substance, echoes of no sound, like those sights and voices which the disordered eye and ear create within themselves, unmoved by any outward thing. But Penselimer calmly replied; "Sweet lady (for it is plain to me that thou art no shepherdess,) if the mirror of my mind did indeed play false, as thy speech infers, how vain it were to lay the truth before me! For I must either be incapable of seeing it at all, or must see it distorted and discoloured through the flaws and stains of the glass. That Anthemmina dwells in yonder sky seems to me as plain as that I view thy beauteous face, and heard thee just now declare that she lies under the wave. But this is one of the tricks of my persecutors: go where I may, a report has still preceded me that I am mad." Just as Penselimer spoke thus, a fawn gambolled past Iarine; the damsel was tempted to pursue it a little way down the stream, and, running by a leafy covert, she caught a glimpse of the brown girl, who span at the cottage; but passing that way again she saw no one there.

The travellers went on their way, and Iarine, finding that all the thoughts which a sane mind can suggest to one that is diseased will take the hue of the receptacle, as colourless waters turn blue or green when poured into certain channels, rather sought, by gentle ingenuity, to make him conceive

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happy imaginations, than presented them to him, and no longer combated errors which were as invulnerable as they were easy to hit. Both rested at a goatherd's cottage that night, and, in passing through the little orchard attached to it, when she set forth early the next day, Iarine beheld the dark maiden, wrapped in a cloak and sleeping under a tree. The swarthy cheek and black eyebrow again fixed her attention, but, as she gazed, the girl awoke, and, beholding Iarine, covered her face with her garment. Penselimer now joined his fair comrade, and the maiden, in some perplexity, pursued her way. At noon she beheld the house of Malderyl, situate on the lowest ridge of a conical mountain, which towered alone upon the plain, and showed from its rugged brow on one side pastoral plains, interspersed with woods and hollow glades, full of giant reeds and tree-like ferns, on the other the endless forest of Nemorosa, which Glandreth had never subdued. The mansion itself and the wall around it were hewn out of a rock. "Whither shall I conduct thee?" said Penselimer, to his companion, when they reached the foot of the hill. "I must go whither thou art going," she said, "even to the house of Malderyl; for I too seek the presence of the ancient queen, but was bound not to speak of this till I approached her threshold." Penselimer blew a horn which hung at the outer gate of the mansion, as soon as he reached it, and started at the loud sound which ensued, and

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which all the rocks above and below echoed. A raven flew from a beetling crag overhead just as a rugged churl admitted the strangers: other domestics then appeared and conducted them to the apartment where their mistress sate at the summit of a tower. Malderyl was seated in a carved chair, the brown arms and upright back of which resembled her own figure, dried and stiffened, but not enfeebled by age. Her face appeared of bronze, all but the rapid eye, like a lambent flame, shining and restless; her heart was dead as the leathern girdle that covered it, her brain ever in motion, like the sands of the hour glass that stood before her on the table. She was clad in robes of purple and scarlet, and wore upon her head a crown of golden spikes. Iarine felt appalled when Melderyl desired that Penselimer would wait in the ante-room while she conferred with the maiden, but, summoning courage, presented an ivory tablet on which her name was inscribed, with curious cyphers underneath. Malderyl, after a glance at the writing, told her that she must go alone to the spring and impart the secret to no one. The maiden having agreed to this condition, she placed in her hand a light bucket and chain with a leathern bottle, at the same time giving her certain directions, and Iarine took her leave with many thanks, delighted to think how much of the precious water the skin would contain. No sooner was she out of hearing than Malderyl turned her keen eyes

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on the melancholy king, who had entered at one door as Iarine disappeared by another. "Penselimer," she said, "he who robs thee of thy right is Phantasmion, king of Palmland." "The son of Dorimant!" he exclaimed, with kindling eye. On each side of the queen's footstool a dwarfish figure was crouching; Iarine had scarcely observed them, and by Penselimer they had been taken for appendages to the grotesque imagery of her wooden chair, but when the queen touched one of them with her foot, up he sprang, and fixed upon Penselimer a pair of toad's eyes ringed with scarlet: at the same instant the other dwarf raised his pointed face, in which the eye-holes were mere points, laid out his broad flat hands, and put forward the side of his head as if to hear rather than see what was going on. While Penselimer viewed these objects with surprise, Malderyl began to mutter, and soon both they and the whole apartment were obscured, clouds creeping over the vaulted roof and veiling the wide crystal windows. A fiery light then rose up on the opposite wall, and Penselimer beheld, in many-coloured flame, a picture of Phantasmion, standing over Karadan, and striving to secure the enchanted vessel. When the king beheld that image of Anthemmina's pitcher in silvery light, he rushed forward and would have clutched it from the wall; but, lo! it was impalpable as fires that hover over a marsh, and a loud puffing noise arose from below, that seemed to be an expression, either of pain or mockery.

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Thereat Penselimer, looking down, espied the toad-like dwarf, whose body he had squeezed against the wall, with his great mouth wide open, and a slimy liquid oozing from every pore of his wrinkled skin. A hollow laugh echoed from the chair of Malderyl, who was wrapped in darkness, and the crystal windows of the tower tinkled with her mirth. "Is it thus thou rewardest those that serve thee, noble monarch?" she said. "Swartho has shown thee thine enemy by the power of his art, and in return thou art trampling him under foot." Penselimer drew back, and was incensed, when he recognized the face of Phantasmion, to find that the youth, to whom he had related his story, was King Dorimant's son, not doubting that he had visited him solely to obtain an account of the silver pitcher. "Transport me to Palmland," exclaimed the king, "and furnish me with armour." "Nay," answered the crafty witch, "if thou goest now to Palmland, thou wilt miss thine enemy, and in case of meeting him on the road wouldst fail to know him, for he is disguised by the Fairy Potentilla." "Show me his likeness," rejoined the king, "as he appears at this moment." The sorceress bade Swartho comply with that request, and straightway he brought so strange a phantom before the eyes of Penselimer, so all unlike any adversary which he had ever dreamt of, that for a moment he stood aghast. But, ere the grim figure faded away, and light once more succeeded to darkness, his courage returned, and,

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kneeling before the ancient queen, he besought her to arm him, so that he might fitly encounter such a formidable foe. "What guerdon shall I have from thee for such service?" inquired Malderyl. "What wouldst thou have?" the king replied. "If thou conquerest Phantasmion," said the queen, "thou shalt bestow half of Palmland on my young kinsman Ulander." The king willingly acceded to this proposal, and also agreed that if he died without issue, Ulander should inherit Almaterra. In a little time afterwards Malderyl had provided him with a horse and armour, and a plumed casque, as like as possible to those of Glandreth, whose stature was scarce loftier than his own, and bade him repair to the mansion of that aspiring chief, on the confines of Rockland, Tigridia and Almaterra. "By the time that thou arrivest there," said she, "Phantasmion will have reached the same place, under a feigned character, for the sake of encountering the great enemy of his kingdom in single combat. Thou shalt bear a letter from me to Glandreth; he will easily be persuaded to let thee accept the challenge in his name, when he knows that thou, being furnished with enchanted armour, in addition to thy own great skill and might, art more certain to defeat the king of Palmland even than his valiant self."

Thus forewarned, Penselimer departed, full of joy and confidence, expecting soon to have the disposal of Phantasmion's life and kingdom, and to obtain the more valuable pitcher for himself.

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CHAPTER V.

IARINE HAS A FEARFUL ADVENTURE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

MALDERYL was sitting under the outer wall of her abode, looking after the king of Almaterra, as he rode down the hill, when the dark damsel kneeled at her feet and placed in her hand a withered branch. "Thou comest from Melledine!" said Malderyl; "who art thou, and what has passed betwixt thee and the veiled lady?" "I am Zelneth, daughter of Magnart," said the damsel, taking the roll from her head, and letting her jetty ringlets fall down to her waist. "This is not my natural colour," added she, putting up her white hand to her swarthy cheek; "I stained my face that no one might know me as I travelled to thy house. Melledine I met with on the King's Island, and she sent me to thee." "Wherefore?" said Malderyl, feigning ignorance of what she knew full well. "To find my sister Leucoia," replied Zelneth, while a bright blush glowed through her tawny mask. "Then return to thy home," said Malderyl, "for there thou wilt be more likely to learn tidings of

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Leucoia than here." Zelneth cast her eyes on the ground, as she replied in a whisper, "Where can I learn tidings of Phantasmion, son of Dorimant? I do confess that for his sake, also, I am come to thee." Malderyl's searching glance was now exchanged for a look which encouraged Zelneth to proceed in her disclosure; she told the story of her love for Phantasmion, and how she had set forth to free him from prison. "It was midnight," she said, "when we reached the Island, and straightway, repairing to the darksome vault, and putting the key into the lock, I found the bolts already withdrawn. I descended and sought in all the subterranean chambers, but found no trace of him whom I hoped to meet. Just as I emerged from the vault my lamp threw its light on a lady covered with a veil which gleamed in the darkness. "Dost thou seek Phantasmion of Palmland?" she said; "this morning his prison door was unlocked by the king's daughter." Then I knew that Iarine had deceived me, and, recollecting the lofty mountaineer who kept by her side in the wood, I clearly saw for what reason she had sent me away. While I was weeping on my pillow that night the veiled lady entered my room, and offered me a cup, one draught from which, as she averred, would make me cease to love and cease to feel such sorrow. But starting up I promptly answered, 'Ask me not to drown the remembrance either of those I love or those I hate: rather offer me a charm by

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which I may gain the heart of Phantasmion, and triumph over my false rival.' Then she bade me repair to thee in secret, bearing a token from her, and placing a withered branch in my hand she left me to repose. Early the next day I sought Leucoia, but she was no where to be found, and I could not doubt that she drank of the forgetful cup and followed Melledine. In all haste I crossed the mountains, and travelled on to the house of a shepherd in Tigridia. There I dismissed all my attendants, bidding them repair to Arzene, and tell her that I hoped soon to return home with my brother and sister. I had not long been under the shepherd's roof when king Penselimer and the princess Iarine arrived at the same cottage. Alas! even here perhaps, the daughter of Anthemmina has forestalled me, and I cannot weep with sweet Leucoia, for she has been carried away!" Tears flowed down the face of Zelneth, streaking the stains that hid her lovely skin. Malderyl smiled: "Have no fear," she said, "touching Iarine and Leucoia: neither shall cross thy path." "But is Leucoia safe and happy?" said Zelneth, tenderly. "Safer than a pearl five fathoms deep," said Malderyl; "and happy enough, though not so blest as thou shalt be ere long. Come with me to my cavern in the forest; and if I do not quickly bring Phantasmion to thy feet, in that secret dwelling, I will hide my head there for the remainder of my life," Zelneth trode on air when she heard Malderyl

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speak thus: she washed herself white in a pure fountain, and joyfully accompanied the sorceress queen to her cave in the woods.

Iarine meantime wound along the mountain, scarce pausing for a moment to survey the sylvan prospect before her, but going steadily on till she found the well in a hollow betwixt two rocky ridges. This dale was clothed with herbage, converted into stone by the overflowings of the spring; and the breeze when it swept the valley, stirred not a leaf that grew there. Joyfully the maiden smiled when she saw these manifest signs of the water's potency, and imagined that it would brace and strengthen her father's quivering frame even as it had enabled the tremulous reeds and blades of grass to stand firm against the wind. With a fragment of rock in her hand she ascended the petrified mound that encased the spring, and, having flung her burden into the well, kneeled down and listened for the noise described by Malderyl, who had told her that the waters were commonly out of reach; that she must throw a heavy stone into the pit, whereupon they would gradually rise higher and higher, till at last they might be taken up by the bucket; that when she heard a noise like stifled thunder she must listen carefully till it changed to that of bubbling and hissing; then regardless of the fumes, which would pour from the mouth of the pit, she must let down her bucket and fill quickly, ere the water sank again out of her

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reach. And now Iarine has caught the sound, and with a beating heart she applies her ear close to the opening, in spite of the hot vapours with which she begins to be enveloped: such indeed was the effect upon her frame that she felt as if she must quickly dissolve and trickle into the well or float away to the sky in subtle steam: yet still she listened, holding her breath lest she should fail to hear the sign, and miss the right moment. But, just as the hissing noise commenced, just as she was about to raise her head and lower the bucket, a youth leaped forward, caught her suddenly in his arms, and rushed away to a distance from the shining mound; and, scarce had he placed the maiden on her feet, when the volumes of steam sent forth from the pit were succeeded by a column of boiling water, which rose higher than the dark rocks behind it, and, falling in foaming curves quickly deluged the surrounding vale. The fountain continued to play before Iarine, mounting higher and higher as if it would sweep down the clouds,—a pile of rainbow splendour with a crest of a thousand feathers as white as snow:—and, while she watched it in speechless amazement, the young huntsman gazed upon her face in equal wonder, and almost equal agitation. "What didst thou at the boiling well?" at length he inquired. "I have been cruelly deceived," the maid replied, and then began to relate

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how she had been beguiled into undertaking her pilgrimage.

"One night," she said, "I was working for my step-mother in a lonely tower: the evening shades came on, I dropped my needle, being unable to distinguished the colours of the embroidery, and, hearing my silver pheasant tap at the window, I hastened to let her in. But, when I rose, the bird was not at the casement, and looking out, I saw that she had fallen to the ground, with an arrow in her breast. Then I hastened down the steps of the tower and bent over my favourite." "O, surely, she revived!" replied the youth, fixing his eyes, full of tenderest rapture, upon Iarine, as if to say that looks of pity from her face were enough to heal any wound. "Nay," replied the maiden, "my bird seemed stone dead;—but, raising my tearful eyes, I saw a lady wrapped in a shining veil, with a vial in her hand. Pure water from this tiny vessel she poured on the face of the bird, when suddenly I saw the glazed eye relume within its scarlet rim, the ruffled feathers expand and show their finest gloss, like silken streamers swollen with the wind, and, rising from the ground, my graceful favourite took her highest flight, clearing the tower, and sinking down into the grove beyond. I turned to thank the lady in the shining veil, but she was gone, and never again did I behold her, till one night when I sallied forth to free a prisoner from the lonely tower." "A prisoner!" said the youth,

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"and thou wast going to set him free!" Iarine blushed as she pursued her story. "On that night I met the same veiled lady in the grove, betwixt the castle and the tower: 'Wilt thou save strangers,' she said, 'and do nothing for those that are near to thee, for poor Albinian and his sickly son?' Then I besought her to tell me how I might serve them, and she bade me seek the fountain head of that water with which she had restored the dying bird. 'How shall I find it?' I eagerly replied. 'Go to Queen Malderyl,' she answered, 'bearing this token from me; but tell no one whither thou art bound, or on what errand; unless thou goest in secret, she will not reveal the salutary spring.' Then, placing an ivory tablet in my hand, again she disappeared." "And didst thou free the prisoner?" the young huntsman anxiously inquired. Iarine paused: then answered, "I trust he is now at liberty, though not through me." "And thou hast taken this long pilgrimage," cried the enamoured youth, "all for thy father's and thy brother's sake! —and the cruel queen gave thee that bucket, and would have sent thee to destruction?" "O for a swift steed!" cried Iarine, "to travel day and night till I reached the Diamanthine Palace" "Come with me!" exclaimed the youth, seizing her hand; "even here we are not in safety."

The maiden now perceived volumes of smoke far above the watery column; they rose from a high peak, and soon were changed to spiral

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flames, which occupied the vault of heaven just over the foaming fountain. Iarine kept pace with the speed of her conductor: soon they reached the grove below the hill where the young huntsman had left his horse to follow a goat among the rocks: he placed the princess hastily on his steed, and mounting before her, never ceased urging him forward, till he was in the very bosom of the forest. "We are going farther from Rockland!" exclaimed the maid, in sorrow. "Trust to me," the youth replied: "this way will sooner bring thee home than to retrace thy steps." Iarine was bewildered by the ocean of trees into which they were launched, but hoped that she should emerge from it in time, and find herself in some territory not far distant from Rockland. It was almost dark in the shady track through which the young huntsman threaded his way: he had left his bow near the boiling fountain, so that the quiver at his shoulder would have been of little avail, had one of the panthers, whose bright eyes glared from under the dark branches, felt courage for an attack; but at his approach they bounded away, leaping from tree to tree. At last Iarine began to catch bright gleams and moving objects through the foliage, and soon her conductor came upon the skirts of a wide pleasure ground, on the slope of a hill crowned by a goodly palace, which, from glittering spires and gay enamelled windows, reflected the rays of the sun, just then about to sink on the opposite woody horizon. Below the

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mansion were hanging gardens of rich flowers, intersected with rivulets, which ran among the beds of roses, like tears down a bright blushing face. On a lawn at the foot of the hill a band of youths and maidens were dancing: these had no sooner espied the noble huntsman than they came forward in a body to cast their wreaths at his feet, and, by their festive cries and salutations, Iarine learned that her companion was Ulander, chief of Nemorosa. The maiden entered his dwelling still beguiled by hopes that she was on the way to Rockland, but soon discoved that her being restored to the arms of her father depended on a condition which even love for him could never strengthen her to fulfil. As Ulander's bride she might revisit her native country, but else was doomed to brook the fruitless penance of distasteful courtship in a foreign land. Day after day she complied with every request of her adorer, save that alone to which all his petitions tended; she flew by his side on the light steed, pierced the pard, or lynx, or savage deer, and, while the forest rang with praises of the graceful huntress, and Ulander, kneeling, declared that she excelled in skill and courage even as in loveliness, the gentle maiden longed to fly with those she pursued, and either escape or perish. From her chamber in Ulander's palace she looked out over the undulating forest of Nemorosa, which appeared like a wavy ocean fixed in stillness by an enchanter's wand: for gold or silver gleams, when the sun shone, there

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was a gilded verdure, and, when the breezes blew, for ocean's purple frown, a ripple of green leaves. But care darkened the shadows of the scene for her, and sickening hope tinted the mellow foliage. Now she thought of Phantasmion; of him she had so resolutely quitted, whose pursuit she had almost feared; now she repined at that multitude of trees, which seemed to interpose an endless barrier betwixt them, and gazed for hours on the woodland prospect, still faintly hoping, deeply longing, to see him rise with the morning star from the skirts of the forest, or sail from the golden east with brightened wings over the green expanse.

On a tufted knoll behind the palace Ulander was carving Iarine's name upon a cypress with a spear's point, when, hearing her soft voice among the trees beyond, he dropped the implement, and, resting his head against a bough, listened with grieved heart to these numbers:

He came unlook'd for, undesir'd,
A sun-rise in the northern sky:
More than the brightest dawn admir'd,
To shine and then for ever fly.

His love, conferr'd without a claim,
Perchance was like the fitful blaze,
Which lives to light a steadier flame,
And, while that strengthens, fast decays.

Glad fawn along the forest springing,
Gay birds that breeze-like stir the leaves,
Why hither haste, no message bringing,
To solace one that deeply grieves?

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Thou star that dost the skies adorn,
So brightly heralding the day,
Bring one more welcome than the morn,
Or still in night's dark prison stay.

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CHAPTER VI.

PHANTASMION GOES TO FIGHT GLANDRETH AND ENCOUNTERS PENSELIMER.

"WHILE Phantasmion seeks Iarine, Glandreth shall conquer the Land of Palms!" "Surely," thought the young monarch, "Oloola is secretly on my side, and those words, which were blown to my ear as with the blast of a trumpet, were meant to give me warning. Not only this kingdom but Iarine herself will never be securely mine while my enemy lives and triumphs." After a conference with Potentilla he informed his council that, as Glandreth alone endangered the safety of the realm, and to conquer him would be to extinguish the war at once, he had resolved on defying him to single combat, and purposed to announce himself, in the challenge, as a puissant warrior, sent by the king of Palmland to encounter the mighty general of Albinian. He had already given orders for raising an army, and guarding the sea coast with a numerous fleet; there were hosts of brave men at his disposal, but the want of metal armour was one which no ingenuity could supply, and rendered his subjects ill fitted to contend with the men of

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Rockland, who had iron without as well as firm sinews within. This consideration only heightened Phantasmion's desire to encounter Glandreth, and seeking the pomegranate tree, at the first peep of dawn, he besought Potentilla to produce that powerful armour with which she had offered to furnish him. She struck the earth, and brought before the eyes of Phantasmion a pair of warrior ants which fought ferociously till both were exhausted. "How sayest thou?" said Potentilla; "wilt thou be armed like these pugnacious insects?" The youth having readily consented, she laid her wand upon his head, then bade him strike it with his dagger. He did so, and found it perfectly impenetrable; but, looking with eager curiosity into a clear pool hard by, he started at the portentous shadow of his insect helmet. It displayed a moveable crest in the shape of jagged awl-shaped jaws, with which, if other weapons failed, a terrible wound might be inflicted, while the face and breast of the wearer appeared to be cased in a substance tough as horn, yet hard as brass. The youth was still surveying his figure, not without dismay, little thinking that the picture of it was at that same moment before the eyes of Penselimer in the house of Malderyl, when Potentilla placed in his hand the sting of a scorpion increased to the size of the largest scimetar, and taught him how the fearful weapon was to be used. "But thou wilt rid me of this disguise as soon as the fight is over?" said Phantasmion. Potentilla

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smiling replied, "It might stand thee in good stead whither thou art going. Malderyl has a young kinsman who pursues fair damsels more earnestly than the bright-eyed antelope and silver coated hind. The constancy of thy mistress may be strongly assailed in the country of Ulander." "How sayest thou?" exclaimed Phantasmion, but the fairy disappeared, leaving him wrapped in thought and gazing on vacancy, till the sting of an ant upon his right foot admonished him to set off without delay. Forthwith he concealed his face and the upper part of his body with a mask and a cloak, which, at the fairy's suggestion, he had brought to the interview, mounted his horse, and through rugged passes among the Black Mountains travelled toward the house of Glandreth.

His adversary, meantime, had been pondering over the defiance from Palmland, when Penselimer arrived bearing the letter of Malderyl. On perusing this crafty epistle, Glandreth was well content that the king of Almaterra should stand in his place, and fight his enemy with charmed weapons, resolving in the meanwhile to lead his well-trained forces into the realm he so much desired to invade. He would not even await the event of the conflict, but stole away, after pompously accepting the challenge, and, while Phantasmion was traversing Rockland, Glandreth was on his way to the Land of Palms.

The combatants met on a wide plain before Glandreth's castle, in the presence of a large assem-

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bly. Phantasmion looked at the sky and satisfied himself that it was perfectly clear; then he cast his eyes on his adversary, and thought that Glandreth, though of noble port and stature, was by no means so broad-built a man as he had formerly imagined. The king of Almaterra, meantime, could scarce turn his attention from Phantasmion's woollen cloak, which lay on the ground; for though it was only wrapped about the serpent wand, and a silver cup, he imagined that it concealed nothing less than Anthemmina's pitcher. But now the trumpet sounded, and great was the astonishment both of Phantasmion and an amphitheatre of spectators, to see Penselimer's panoply drip all over, then fall into furrows, and, lastly, trickle away in many a bubbling stream, as if he were but a waxen warrior, and melted at the very breath of his antagonist. Such was the effect of Malderyl's treachery, such the power of her muttered charm, that Penselimer quickly stood bare in the sight of all men, his helmet with its vizor and his uplifted blade alone remaiaing for a season firm. When drops began to fall from the end of that weapon also he indignantly rushed upon Phantasmion; but no sooner had he felt the point of the scorpion sword, than, uttering a loud cry, he sank senseless on the ground, with the magic weapon sticking fast in his side.

At the same moment that he fell, Phantasmion's fairy accoutrements vanished, and, when with loud shouts Penselimer was removed from the field, he

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procured fresh armour, and challenged every warrior present to stand in Glandreth's place; but all declining the combat, he forthwith departed to roam in search of Iarine. And now that deeds of arms no more engaged his thoughts they centred wholly in that fair and pious maid, whose image beamed on all sides of his solitary path; and this was one of many strains with which he addressed her:—

Yon changeful cloud will soon thy aspect wear—
So bright it grows:—and now, by light winds shaken,
O ever seen yet ne'er to be o'ertaken!
Those waving branches seem thy billowy hair.
The cypress glades recall thy pensive air;
Slow rills, that wind like snakes amid the grass,
Thine eye's mild sparkle fling me as they pass;
Yet murmuring cry, This fruitless quest forbear!
Nay e'en amid the cataract's loud storm,
Where foamy torrents from the crags are leaping,
Methinks I catch swift glimpses of thy form,
Thy robe's light folds in airy tumult sweeping;
Then silent are the falls: 'mid colours warm
Gleams the bright maze beneath their splendour sleeping.

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CHAPTER VII.

PHANTASMION IS DETAINED IN MALDERYL'S CAVE.

PHANTASMION pursued the same track which his gentle princess had taken through Tigridia, and excited curiosity in all who beheld him by his noble aspect and kingly air. The first discourse of his cottage hosts was ever concerning the fair pilgrim, Iarine, and this tale was sure to be followed by an animated history of Ulander as its counterpart. Phantasmion glowed and trembled when he heard those names wedded in description, and scarce dared inquire about Nemorosa lest he should hear some unwelcome eulogy on the graces of its youthful chief. Thus he fared, tracing his lady's footsteps to the house of Malderyl, where he learned that the ancient queen had repaired to the forest with a most beautiful maiden. His heart beat higher than ever at this intelligence: a most beautiful maiden could be no other than Iarine, and it seemed plain as the sun at noon-day that Malderyl was bent on securing so rich a prize for her young kinsman Ulander. He wound along the bottom of the mountain, and left his horse, before night-fall, at the cottage of a goatherd, thinking that he could best

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proceed on foot through the tangled forest to find Malderyl's retreat. Provided as he was with good armour, and dauntless courage, he feared neither man nor beast, but anxious thoughts and surmises crowded on his mind, like swarms of stinging gnats, the pertinacity of which no efforts were sufficient to repel. Just as his mental fever had reached its height, and had begun to bring, even before his visual eye, a graceful huntsman kneeling at the feet of Iarine, in whose face a smile seemed to dawn, but whether of cold courtesy or nascent love he vainly strove to distinguish,—a voice whispered, seemingly from underground, "Dost thou seek Iarine? she dwells with Ulander: and—the loveliest of all maidens is in Malderyl's cave." Phantasmion shivered, and an instant afterwards his veins could scarce contain their scalding currents. "Iarine with Ulander in Malderyl's cave!" "Surely," thought he, "that was not the mere voice of my delirium." Then he began to rave and shout aloud, as if the forest could hear him, "Where is the cave? where is the cave? O these huge trees, that stretch their giant arms, and point on all sides, how they too madden me!" Flinging away his cloak, he rushed on wildly till he was stopped by close underwood, growing over a swamp. Here again a voice rose to his ear, crying, "Iarine dwells with Ulander: seek the beauty in Malderyl's cave." Phantasmion now looked down and perceived a strange figure, but could not see either its form or feature

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clearly from the dimness of the place. "Do thou show me the way, whoever thou art," cried the youth, franticly waving his sword. At these words Malderyl's toad-like dwarf leaped from amid the bushes, and skipped on before Phantasmion, who followed him till the shadowy path was faintly illumined by what appeared in the distance like two huge eyes of fire. "Those are openings in front of Malderyl's rocky tenement," said the dwarf; "their light will guide thee thither." Phantasmion looked at his good steel blade, then hastened on, and entered the cavern by a winding passage. He paused at the threshold, and saw no graceful hunter youth, but a wrinkled crone, in queenly attire, bending over the flames of a well-heaped hearth, and carefully inspecting the contents of a wide vessel, which simmered amid the blaze, and filled the cave with odorous inebriating fumes. Beside her stood the glowing and beautiful Zelneth, her glossy raven locks carelessly flung back from her white forehead, and her splendid eyes intent upon the work that was going on. She held in both hands a crystal bowl, into which Malderyl began to pour some of the rosy liquid scooped from the cauldron, when Phantasmion appeared and caused such alarm in the damsel's mind, that the vessel would have fallen to the ground, if her companion had not taken it from her. "King of Palmland," said the aged queen, "thou art welcome; be seated, and take off thy cumbrous armour." Muttering within herself she

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touched the head of the youth, as he bent forward to look after Zelneth, who had retreated to the inner part of the cave, when his crested helmet vanished, and soon the hyacinthine locks and goodly countenance of Phantasmion were revealed by the red light of the flames. Then Zelneth uttered a cry of astonishment and exclaimed, "O Malderyl! is this a delusion of magic, or do I look upon the very face of him I love?" "Dost thou still love Phantasmion, best and loveliest?" cried the youth, rushing forward to throw himself on his knees, his whole soul possessed with the image of Iarine; but, looking up and beholding Zelneth, her bright face beaming with transport, her fair form almost appearing to expand from the joy of her bosom, he started away with a countenance of deep disappointment! "Zelneth, daughter of Magnart!" he exclaimed, in a sorrowful tone; "O tell me, hast thou lately seen thy kinswoman Iarine?" The damsel turned away without speaking, and, while tears gushed between the ivory fingers that strove to conceal them, Malderyl, who still bent over the cauldron answered in her stead. "Iarine was gaily hunting the deer," said she, "by the side of her betrothed Ulander, when Zelneth came to my house in search of Leucoia. Iarine, pretending to serve her parent, deserts him for a lover, while this maiden faces a thousand dangers for her sister's sake, and loves with constancy, though hopeless of a return." Zelneth flung her white arms around Mal-

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deryl, and, hiding her head, she gently cried with half suppressed sobs, "O speak no more! Phantasmion will win back his beauteous bride, and Zelneth would rather die than trouble his happiness." The youth's brain had been half unsettled by feverish suspicions together with bodily fatigue, and now the steams of the liquor doubled its confusion: he turned away and would have rushed out into the forest, to seek his rival, but the cavern appeared to be full of passages winding in every direction, and he found it impossible to hit upon the one by which he had entered. "Take thy rest here to night," said Malderyl; "thou wilt never find the Sylvan Palace in the dark, and to-morrow, or a month hence, Iarine may still be found at the house of Ulander,—if thou must indeed go fight for that gathered lily, with tarnished leaf and tainted fragrance." At another time Phantasmion would have flamed at those words like a fire fresh fuelled, but now the luscious vapours were stealing over his senses; he was gazing unconsciously upon Zelneth, as she stood a little behind Malderyl with arms pensively crossed and downcast face, shaded on each side by drooping locks. He retired to a recess in the cavern, and tried to think again his former thoughts and purposes; but insensibly they floated away. His rage against Ulander seemed to dissolve, or turn into its opposite, and he vainly sought to keep firm hold of that or any other feeling. Zelneth approached with the crystal basin in her hands, and

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said to him, as he sate in the shadow, "Malderyl has been preparing a precious liquor for my beloved parents, it takes away all sense of toil and pain." She stood with her face half turned away, yet holding the vessel within Phantasmion's reach. He put out his hand towards it, gazing all the time on the damsel; but, with a sudden effort, he drew it back again, and turned his face to the rocky wall. Zelneth sipped the liquid, then cried to the aged woman, who was busy about the fire, stirring and skimming the cauldron, "Malderyl, add nothing more; it cannot be better. I will fetch the jars in which it must stand this night." She left the crystal basin on a table of rock, just opposite to Phantasmion: he saw the liquor lie glowing and creaming in the bowl, like melted rubies frothed with pearl; he inhaled its sweet bewildering odour, and, scarce knowing what he did, the youth raised it to his lips and drank deeply. In a moment he was electrified with delight, a rapturous tranquillity pervading his whole frame: he felt intoxicated with pleasure which sprang from no cause and tended to no object, yet was ever ready to be reflected and multiplied from all objects around: he seemed incapable of thinking, and happier than any thought could make him. Zelneth returned from the further part of the cavern, bringing jars in her hand: in the eyes of the spell-bound prince, she now appeared to be glorified by a supernatural light of beauty; joy streamed from every line of

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her face and form into the joyful heart of the prince, as light shoots from the surface of smooth water back toward its heavenly source. All thought of Zelneth, all thought of Iarine, all remembrance of the past, all anticipation of the future, were completely suspended: he only knew that he was gazing on a sun of loveliness, in which a thousand beauties seemed to converge, while the feelings inspired by his own heavenly maid were mingled with his new sensations, though the object of them was veiled in his memory by a dazzling mist. Zelneth retired again into the dark recess to fetch more vessels, while Phantasmion, reclining on a smooth low rock, with his head sunk into a mossy hollow, beheld fantastic petrifactions, which hung from the ceiling, illuminated by the fire-light. He gazed upon them in ecstacy, and felt as if the transport of his bosom, which invested them with splendour, was derived from those unmeaning forms, till Zelneth, again presenting herself, occupied his whole fancy, and seemed once more to be the fountain of all his glad sensations. The damsel now ventured to cast her eyes upon him, and, seeing the bowl by his side, was sure that he had drunk the charmed liquor; eagerly she perused his countenance, and, reading the deepest fascination of love in every line of it, she let the jar fall upon the floor. "He is mine!" she whispered, clasping her hands; "O, Malderyl, is this all thy work? Have I no part in it? But will not the enchantment fade? Will Phantasmion

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love Zelneth forever?" He heard the words, and smiled on her who spoke them, but spoke not himself, his eyes being heavy with sleep. As an infant lies in its cradle, watching every motion of her whom he loves fondly, but unconsciously free from the burden of esteem, and obligation of gratidude, so Phantasmion followed with his eyes the beautiful Zelneth, and saw her prepare a couch for him on the floor of the cavern. She heaped up sweet scented withered leaves, and strewed over them the skins of wolves and flowing fur of lynxes; Phantasmion sank down upon the soft bed, and was speedily wrapped in slumber. Zelneth kneeled beside him, gazing on his gentle and noble countenance, as the fire-light irradiated his fair brow, where all the soft blue veins were traceable under a smooth surface, and his bright youthful cheek reclining amid the spoils of savage animals, and surrounded by the black walls and shadowy hollows of the cavern. Already she fancied herself the flower-crowned bride of Phantasmion, and breathed in a soft lulling melody this happy strain:—

I was a brook in straitest channel pent,
Forcing 'mid rocks and stones my toilsome way,
A scanty brook in wandering well nigh spent;
But now with thee, rich stream, conjoin'd I stray,
Through golden meads the river sweeps along,
Murmuring its deep full joy in gentlest undersong.

I crept through desert moor and gloomy glade,
My waters ever vex'd, yet sad and slow,
My waters ever steep'd in baleful shade:
But, whilst with thee, rich stream, conjoin'd I flow,
E'en in swift course the river seems to rest,
Blue sky, bright bloom and verdure imag'd on its breast.

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And, whilst with thee I roam through regions bright,
Beneath kind love's serene and gladsome sky,
A thousand happy things that seek the light,
Till now in darkest shadow forc'd to lie,
Up through the illumin'd waters nimbly run,
To shew their forms and hues in the all revealing sun.

Singing thus she fell asleep, and, when her eyes were fast sealed in slumber, Phantasmion heard a shrill voice, crying. "Awake, young prince of Palmland, awake!" He raised his head and saw Malderyl sitting on the floor, an urn by her side, a branch of red berries on her lap, her fingers wet with purple juice. The crown she lately wore was thrown aside, her eyes shot fire, and Phantasmion knew that the face he now looked upon, was the very face of the strange old man, who told him of his mother's death. A shadowy form hovers aloft: it is the spirit of the poisoned child: Phantasmion remembers that swollen spotted cheek as if he had seen it but yesterday. "Beware, young prince of Palmland!" the wan spectre cries, and, unmoved at Malderyl's awful threats, with sullen eye and obstinate finger still points to the purple berries that lie beside the urn. "Witch! Murderess!" exclaimed Phantasmion, starting up; but while he strove to free his feet from the coverings of the couch, Malderyl stirred the cauldron till fumes filled the cave, and entered every pore and inlet of the youth's body. He sank down again and scarce had pressed the furry pillow, when Zelneth met his eye, Zelneth, smiling in sleep, her head inclined on one ivory shoulder and her soft white arm ex-

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tended over the skin of a black wolf. The charm resumed its power, the murderess and the ghastly spectre vanished from his sight, and, dreaming only of lilied meads, bright streams, and perfect loveliness, he lay in deep repose within the rugged cavern.

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CHAPTER VIII.

PHANTASMION IS DISENCHANTED BY OLOOLA.

From the witch's cavern subterranean passages conducted into a delicious garden, embosomed in the forest, and surrounded by a double fence of lofty trees. Here the prince found himself when he awoke in the morning: bright wreaths of an acacia bower drooped over his head; flowers blushed, and streamlets glittered far as eye could reach; a splendid picture was hung out before him, and Zelneth, placed at coy distance, appeared the very subject of the piece. Phantasmion sprang from his odorous couch, and, approaching the damsel, seemed to tread on air. No trace of the warning vision remained in his memory, and now that the charm had taken into its alliance the refreshment of sleep, he was transported with a still more exquisite delirium than on the preceding evening. He felt it to be his turn to speak, while Zelneth was speechless with happiness, drinking in his fluent love-discourse, as if it were a rill which ever gratified, but never removed, the pleasurable thirst it excited, while to him their volubility seemed in itself an enjoyment, and resembled

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the soft lapse of the brimming rivulet which wandered past his feet to visit a thousand flowery knots and odorous copses. Phantasmion scarce noted anything steadfastly, or considered whence it arose, or what it betokened: but sitting by the side of Zelneth, and pouring himself forth in admiration of her charms, he ever and anon caught glimpses of Feydeleen's flower-like face, darting smiles from corners of the bower, dim with the shadow of clustered roses, while now and then her fingers came like a twinkling butterfly, and scattered over the head of the delighted maiden a shower of light petals from the frailest and most transitory blossoms. Zelneth saw not Feydeleen, nor anything but Phantasmion: she rose from her seat to fetch a well-filled urn, which had been placed in the arbour: it was the vessel which contained the poisoned juice, and the moment so long watched for by Malderyl seemed about to arrive. The sorceress leans forward over a leafy bough: Phantasmion's glance for a moment is diverted from the maid, and that prominent eye-ball, flashing amid the foliage, brings dim recollections to his mind; but Malderyl sinks back to her hiding place, and the youth turns to gaze on Zelneth, who stands smiling before him, with a crystal goblet in her left hand. "Wilt thou drink once more," she said, "and promise to be mine for ever?" Phantasmion threw himself on his knees, ready to utter vows of eternal love and faithfulness, having forgotten those

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he had made to Iarine, as if they had been characters formed in ice, which a hot sun had melted away. At the same moment, his tongue was arrested and the blood appeared to stagnate in his veins; the air had become piercing cold, and filled with white vapour; the brook ceased to murmur, and the birds to sing; the waters were congealed, the leaves and flowers wan and drooping, the branches encrusted with hoary rime. But the eyes of Phantasmion were fixed on Zelneth! motionless she stood, one arm raising aloft the urn, from whose lip an icicle depended, the other holding the empty crystal goblet, now no longer grasped but glued to the powerless palm. She was frozen to the ground: the glowing carnation of her cheek had faded to palest lilac: a deathy blueness tinged her brow of pearl, and crept over her bosom; wreaths of frost curled around her stiffened jetty ringlets; her arms looked brittle and crystalline; while those dark orbs that lately almost eluded the sight by their lifesome motion, had a dull shine upon them, like eyes of glass, and seemed fixed in their marble sockets. Phantasmion would have risen and approached the damse but strove in vain to move one step nearer to her statue-like form. His heart beat fearfully, but every other part of his frame was beginning to lose power and sensation: his head was fixed on one side; his knee clung to the earth, and no longer perceived its coldness; the fingers of his extended hand were cramped into one, and felt

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as if they touched each other through velvet: he seemed to be fast changing into a form of ice. On a sudden the sky grew black, showers of stony hail came rushing on between him and his fair companion, he was wrapped round about in a sheet of snow, while blasts, which he found it impossible to resist, carried him to the further end of the garden, prostrated the tall fence of trees with interwoven branches, and continued to impel him onward for many a mile and many a league, till at length, when the wind lulled, he sank upon the open plain far beyond the Forest of Nemorosa, his blood moving rapidly and his limbs stiff with exertion.

Phantasmion had fallen under the shelter of massy walls overgrown with ivy, the wreck of a palace where Tigridia's monarchs had dwelt from age to age. Here the husband of Malderyl and her son Sylvalad had been treacherously murdered when Glandreth invaded the land, and Maudra her daughter, becoming enamoured of the blood-stained hero, followed him as a voluntary captive. The two sons of Sylvalad had been brought up by the widowed queen; one had perished in a far country, the other, whose name was Ulander, bore sway in the woodland fastnesses, where his father had ruled before him, but was too wild and careless to attempt the recovery of his whole inheritance. The wind had relented, the sky was disclosing more and more of its blue dome, snakes and lizards came

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forth to glitter in the sun, and the solitary bird that hides its nest under grey ruins sought food in the moistened herbage, enjoying, amid the desolation of that ancient abode, the pleasures of a dear though transient home. Still the breeze lingered round Phantasmion, playing with his wet robe, and gently shaking the particles of snow from his redundant locks. Plaintive sounds issued from different parts of the building, as if a penitent lover were uttering meek confessions mingled with regret, and from within the pile some solemn instrument sent forth a deep slow melody of former days. While it yet was proceeding the youth heard a voice that seemed to be just above his head. "Phantasmion," it whispered, "what dost thou here, while faithful Iarine wanders in Nemorosa?" Soon afterwards the same voice appeared to come from a higher point; it was accompanied with a noise of light wings fanning the air, and to the youth's anxious ear it seemed to say, "Phantasmion must seek Iarine while Glandreth conquers the Land of Palms." After these words were spoken the solemn music swelled into a fuller tone, then sank into silence: Phantasmion started up and saw the pinnacles of the edifice gilded, here and there, by partial beams, which struggled forth from amid disorderly heaps of dark vapour. Just beyond the battlements of a black tower, he beholds transparent pinions, spread to their vast extent, with the sun glittering through them. A moment after-

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wards they recede; Oloola dives among the clouds on which those golden wings shed radiance. On she goes, sweeping the sky, as a shearer sweeps away the fleeces of the new-shorn flock; and now she is indistinguishable from the mass that moves along with her, and now both she and the clouds themselves are gone, leaving the cope of heaven pure and resplendent, as if it were cut out of a single sapphire through which a powerful sun was pouring its diffusive light.

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CHAPTER IX.

ZELNETH IS CARRIED TO THE SYLVAN PALACE, WHITHER PHANTASMION GOES IN SEARCH OF IARINE.

THE storm which followed that intense frost had beaten on the rigid form of Zelneth unfelt, unseen; but now the charm was broken, the stony locks fell loose, all gemmed with dew-drops gleaming in the soft sunlight, and, even as thawing streams break forth into sound and motion, so the damsel moved and spoke once more, and sparkled with returning life. She roamed about the garden where Feydeleen had revived the drooping flowers, and breathed new vigour into their languid stems: the fairy looked at her pitifully from amid the leaves, and fondly whispered, "Kings shall sue for Zelneth, and Zelneth shall cause the ardent lover to forget his first-love." The maiden heard not, heeded not, but continued her weeping, or murmured laments like these:

By the storm invaded
Ere thy arch was wrought,
Rainbow, thou hast faded
Like a gladsome thought,
And ne'er mayst shine aloft in all earth's colours fraught.

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Insect tranced forever
In thy pendent bed,
Which the breezes sever
From its fragile thread,
Thou ne'er shalt burst thy cell and crumpled pinions spread.

Lily born and nourish'd
'Mid the waters cold,
Where thy green leaves flourish'd,
On the sunburnt mould
How canst thou rear thy stem and sallow buds unfold?

Snowy cloud suspended
O'er the orb of light,
With its radiance blended
Ne'er to glisten bright,
It sinks, and thou grow'st black beneath the wings of night.

Malderyl had been stricken to the earth by the rapid tempest, and there she lay muttering and making hideous faces: the green-vested fairy gleamed past her, as a lizard glances past a fallen log: then, pointing with dewy finger at Zelneth, "Malderyl," she said, "when wilt thou weep again? Ah! thou art old and sapless, past the luxury of tears."

A harsh voice uttering the name of Iarine caused Zelneth to raise her head, and looking up she saw the dwarf Herva seated beside the ancient woman, his sharp visage turned towards her, and each flat paddle arm spread out. "How long since?" cried Malderyl, angrily. "Yester morn," said he, "I was about to climb the high wall that girds Ulander's domain, when lo! the damsel Iarine, armed with bow and quiver, appeared on the top of it: she saw not me, as I crouched beneath, but leaped over my head on the soft moss, then, swift as a roe, she

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darted through the wood." Zelneth turned away wringing her hands, for she gathered that Iarine had escaped from Ulander, though she could not catch all that the dwarf muttered. "And where hast thou been loitering?" cried Malderyl, fiercely; but the next moment her thoughts were engaged by the other dwarf, who came limping in, with open mouth to tell his tale. "Mistress," he said, "she is at the goatherd's cottage, and her father is there also!" "How?" cried Malderyl, "the palsied king Albinian?" "Even so," replied the dwarf; "strong love, or perhaps the approach of death, counteracted his disease so far, that he stole away from the palace, followed Iarine's footsteps, and this morning came to thy house on the hill, inquiring for his daughter. I guided him to the boiling fount—" "Right!" cried Malderyl: "he has cumbered the earth long enough; and how did he escape?" "He was saved by his daughter, who had got away from the Sylvan Palace," replied Swartho, "and took her way across the hill, doubtless because it was the shortest and best known to her. Entering the stony dell she espied Albinian, lying just under the mound of the well, where he had sunk down exhausted. The maiden rescued him from that dangerous place, dragging him away in her arms; but, if the goatherd had not come within call, she would scarce have reached the bottom of the hill by this time. Now both are under his roof, and Albinian seems to be on his death-bed." "Didst thou

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follow them?" said the witch. "I should have done so," the dwarf answered, "but, no sooner did the goatherd relieve Iarine of Albinian's weight, than she took the bow from her shoulder, an arrow from the case, and made this wound in my heel." The body of Swartho puffed up as he spoke, and the flaming circle of his dilated eye appeared to grow wider and redder. "Coward!" exclaimed Malderyl, with a laugh; "thou shalt have a worse wound in thy face presently." "Nay, mistress! hear what I did further," replied the dwarf: "after a while I repaired to the cottage garden, and there learned from a boy, who has lived with the goatherd ever since his wife and child perished together in a burning shower on the mountain, that Iarine will be close to the cavern this evening. I know the exact spot whither she means to repair, a patch of berry-bearing plants, just under the hollow sycamore, in which a squirrel has made his nest. She has been once there already to gather fruit for her father; and, ere it is dark, she will come again for a fresh supply." Malderyl arose. "Well! get ye both into the cavern," she said, "and be ready when I call." The dwarfs retired, and their ancient mistress approached Zelneth, who sate upon the ground with her streaming locks around her, silently watering the turf with tears. "Oloola brought the frost and raised the storm," said Malderyl; "she favours Glandreth and hates his enemies; for his sake she persecutes the son of Dorimant,

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and she will separate him from Iarine as well as from thee. Take courage: I will devise a plan—" "Away!" cried the damsel, scornfully; "thou hast neither skill nor foresight. Why didst thou bring us into the garden under the open sky? Oloola could have worked us no ill in the cavern." Malderyl's eye lightened at this taunt, but Zelneth saw not its vengeful flash, and relapsed into silence. Imperceptibly, however, as a snow shower changes into rain, her sullen mood relented, and Malderyl found an opportunity to propose her plan. "Iarine," she said, "is at the goatherd's cottage"—"Where Phantasmion will find her," cried Zelneth impetuously. "He shall never find her again," replied the witch, "if thou wilt consent to a brief disguise, and brave a slight peril." Zelneth fixed her brightening eyes on her evil counsellor. "Thou hast some skill," she said, while the last tear fell from her cheek: "tell me what peril, what disguise thou art thinking of." Malderyl brought from the cavern a panther's skin. "It is but to dress thyself in this gay garb," she said; "then to sit crouching on the bough of a tree hard by here, and, when Iarine comes under it, and is busily engaged in gathering berries, suddenly to show thyself and leap down by her side. When she attempts to fly, thou and the dwarfs shall intercept her return to the cottage, and I, meantime, will beckon her into the cavern, whence she shall not come out till she consents to marry Ulander. My kinsman shall meet

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her here, and thou shalt repair to the Sylvan Palace, where Phantasmion will be sure to go in search of Iarine." "She sent me to the Island," murmured Zelneth, "to release one who was standing by her side at that moment." "I will take good care that she shall not escape," added Malderyl. "Thou shalt see me run out with a chafing-dish in my hand, to stupify her senses by the smoke of burning herbs. But come! either reject the scheme, or prepare to do thy part in it; for she will be here presently." Zelneth took up the skin, without knowing how to put it on, but Malderyl adjusted it so well that the lady's speaking eyes looked through holes which had formerly contained the bestial ones of a panther. Strangely now indeed they sparkled under a shaggy brow and upright ears, which the original wearer could move and bend at will. Zelneth in her childish days had been wont to follow the squirrels up many a well branched tree. She loved to wind her way among the boughs, overcoming a series of delightful dangers, till she could place her fairy foot betwixt the topmost fork, proud to find herself at such a dizzy height, and glad to have in prospect the pleasing adventure of descent. But such sports of the vacant mind and lithe limbs had fallen into disuse, and, though the sycamore was easy to climb, slowly and timorously she crept up to her lurking place, and still more violently her heart palpitated when she saw Iarine approach with her basket, and kneel down to collect the fruit which grew on tiny

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bushes under the tree. While the eyes of the gentle princess were busily engaged upon the ground, those of Zelneth, anxious and fearful, were gazing at her from above. The bough shook as with trembling limbs she began to creep forward, after the manner of a wild cat, and all the crisp leaves and branches made a rustling noise. Iarine started, and looking up espied the pretended panther peeping down from the bough, whence she had scarce summoned resolution to spring. Unhappy Zelneth! she had not reckoned on her cousin's newly acquired skill in archery, nor on that matchless bow, the amorous chieftain's gift, which now hung at her shoulder. On seeing the damsel prepare to shoot she uttered a loud cry, and strove to turn about, but, ere she could escape, the arrow was in her side. Iarine, hearing Ulander's voice from a distance, stayed not to examine the false panther, which had fallen to the ground, but glided swiftly through the wood, while the dwarfs, who were stationed to prevent her return, panic-stricken at what they had witnessed, and at the approach of the royal huntsman, crouched among the brush-wood, and Malderyl, her form half hidden by wreaths of smoke from the censer in her hand, stood laughing at the entrance of the cave, till at last she fell upon the ground, overpowered by the fumes she had heedlessly inhaled. Meantime Ulander, who had been roaming in search of his fair fugitive, drew nigh the patch of berry-bearing plants, and there

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found Zelneth, prostrate on the ground, with the skin of a wild beast covering the lower part of her body: for by this time she had freed her head and neck from the cumbrous disguise. Astonished both by her beauty and the strange state in which he found her, the youth alighted from his horse, and asked what savage hand had inflicted that wound in her side, whence the blood was flowing. Zelneth pointed to the panther's skin still hanging about her feet, then sank into a swoon, her disengaged arm falling powerless on her shaggy spoils. The chieftain forgot Iarine while he gazed on her fair countenance; he gently removed the skin, placed the fainting damsel on his horse, and conveyed her with all care and tenderness to his princely home. But though the travellers went at so leisurely a pace, that the night was far gone when they arrived there, the motion of the horse inflamed the lady's wound, which would soon have healed but for this aggravation. Fever seized the hapless maid, and Ulander found with sorrow that his love had proved as injurious to Zelneth as it had been irksome and grievous to Iarine.

Not long after the chief of Nemorosa reached his mansion, Phantasmion arrived there also. The influence of the magic draught over his spirit had been destroyed by Oloola's counteracting spell, the mist dispersed, and Iarine's image again shone forth in sunny splendour, while that of Zelneth, late so radiant, showed like the vanishing moon with her

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weak superfluous light. But the last words of Oloola had cast him into a reverie. Glandreth had fallen by his hand: how then should Glandreth conquer the Land of Palms? Had the voice a hidden meaning, or no meaning at all? He had heard that Glandreth formerly sued for the hand of Iarine's mother, that Oloola loved the bold and beautiful chieftain, and made a solemn vow to be his friend and minister till Anthemmina's dying day. "And now that they two are dead," thought he, "perchance Oloola befriends Phantasmion; or it may be that, like the winds of heaven, she follows no settled course, to sport with human hopes and purposes her only plan." Raising his eyes from the ground he saw Malderyl's mansion upon the brow of the conical mountain, just visible in the distance, and thither he resolved to go and inquire again for Iarine. On reaching the gate Phantasmion made the rocks resound with his loud summons, and, ere the echoes had ceased, the porter with his grisly beard stood before him. "Hast thou seen any other maiden," cried the youth, "beside her who went to the woods with thy mistress?" "None since she was here," the porter replied. "But, just before she arrived, there came a shepherdess in company with a man of high degree. Her face was shaded with a hood, and she went forth alone, having a bucket and a bottle in her hand. Surprized to see the way she took, I watched her while she ascended that steep upward path. And on she went, so

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wondrous fleet and graceful, that, when she gained yon cloudy summit, I thought within myself, "Is this a shepherdess or an angel going back into the sky?" Phantasmion hastened up the steep track to which the servant of Malderyl pointed, and wound along the mountain till he met an old man who was driving on goats before him. He stopped when the youth approached his flock. "Thou art a stranger by thy garb," said he; "dost thou know of the boiling fount, and the volcanic fires, which oft break forth on that part of the mountain to which thou art proceeding? Daily I climb this hill"—"And didst thou lately see a damsel here," the youth inquired, "in the habit of a shepherdess?" "Yes, truly," answered he; "and I meant to give her warning, but she waved me off with her hand, and sped along so fast that even my goats could scarce have followed her. She entered the stony dell, which lies beyond the rocks, and there no doubt she perished." Phantasmion rushed away, passed the rocks, and entered the dell where the fountain wss playing. He stood motionless at the entrance of the hollow till the water subsided, then approached the mound, and an icy chill seized his heart when he beheld a leathern bottle petrified on the edge of the well, with a bucket and chain lying close beside it. Believing that Iarine had been overtaken by the force of the waters, and had so lost her life, he sought about in desperation, expecting to find her fair body

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among the other petrifactions; but, seeing no trace of any such thing, he imagined that she had fallen into the well, and lying down on the edge of it, resolved there to remain and await destruction. Many times he was tempted to throw himself into the dark abyss, and, when he called on the name of Iarine, he thought that fierce voices answered him. In this condition he remained till the moon rose and threw her cold beams over the stony dell; when, turning his eye once again toward the bucket, he descried the steel point of a petrified arrow shining a little beyond it. Instantly it struck him that this shaft had fallen from the quiver of some huntsman, perhaps Ulander himself, and that he might have borne Iarine away, either alive or dead. Roused by this thought he started up, hurried down the hill, and, about day break, knocked at the goatherd's cottage. The host of Albinian and Iarine came out with his finger on his lips. "There is a dying man in my house," quoth he, "I may not ask thee to enter. Thy steed has been taken care of. Thou wilt find him in yonder shed beside the marigolds." The goathered having re-entered, Phantasmion found his good horse, which recognized him with signs of pleasure, but, so greatly exhausted was he, that, instead of mounting, he sank down by his side, and slept with his feet among the marigolds, and his head on the neck of the gentle beast. Ere he awoke at midday, one of Ulander's train came nigh and stopped

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his horse in admiration of the young monarch and his goodly steed, whose quick eye seemed to say, "Pass on, I pray thee, and disturb him not." The huntsman's cheek was fresh and glowing, while that of the slumberer looked pale amid the sunshine and the gleams of his golden bed. "Art thou Ulander?" said Phantasmion starting up. "I would I were," the youth replied, with a smile: "not for his crown and palace, but for the sake of a most fair damsel, worthy of both, by whose side he is kneeling." "Wilt thou guide me to that palace?" cried the young king of Palmland, his burning cheeks and scintillating eyes turned full on the huntsman. "It is my home," the youth answered, "and I can show thee the shortest road to it." Phantasmion was quickly mounted, he and his guide went at full speed, whenever the road permitted, and, ere the light began to fade he entered the abode of Ulander.

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CHAPTER X.

PHANTASMION LEAVES THE SYLVAN PALACE AND ZELNETH RECEIVES SUCCOUR FROM FEYDELEEN.

PHANTASMION demanded to see the chief of Nemorossa, and was conducted to a spacious apartment, the couches and seats of which were covered with brindled or spotted skins, the walls with horns of deer and rock-goats fancifully arranged. There, under a high canopy adorned with branching antlers, lay the wounded Zelneth, her limbs motionless, her eyes closed in death-like languor, while the young chieftain was raising her from the couch in his arms, and trying, by a thousand assiduities, to elicit signs of life and looks of recognition. So a child, grieved to see his rarest flower, the milk-white fox-glove, with its whole spire of bells newly blown extended on the earth, sets himself to support the crushed stem which his own heedless foot has beaten down. But all in vain; for, leaning on the prop, it hastens to decay, no longer able to imbibe the dews that fall around it, withered by that sun which lately nourished its

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firm stalk and bursting blossoms. Ulander saw not the young king of Palmland till he had entered the apartment, and stood midway between the door and the couch, gazing intently on Zelneth. But, when he did at last perceive his presence, the chieftain started, uttering an exclamation; roused by which the damsel opened her eyes, and seeing Phantasmion, leaped wildly from the couch, with crimsoning cheek and eyes of delirious brightness; but, her strength soon deserting her, she fell forward, looking still more lifeless than when she lay on the couch upreared in the arms of the sylvan chieftain. Ulander looked on with sullen surprise, while Phantasmion carried Zelneth to the couch, and laid her on the tiger skins with which it was covered. "Who art thou?" he said; "art thou the brother of this maiden?" "I am bound to her by no near ties," replied Phantasmion, with haste: "she came to greet me as one who had received hospitality at her father's house." "Why then hast thou come hither," rejoined the chieftain, "breaking in upon my privacy without leave asked?" "I came in search of another," replied the youth, in some confusion; "I came to inquire for this fair damsel's kinswoman, the princess Iarine." "Iarine!" exclaimed Ulander; "she it was that wounded this lovely maid. I found her bleeding in the midst of the forest, and she accuses Iarine of the cruel deed. That name, and one other, inarticulately murmured, are the only words she has spoken since she entered here." "Iarine

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accused of a cruel deed!" ejaculated Phantasmion: "here is more witchery, more wickedness and deceit!"—The chieftain held up his finger, then, pointing to the maid, "Look there!" he cried, in a low stifled voice; "vex not her parting spirit by violent words." Phantasmion held his peace, and, drawing nigh to look on Zelneth, he felt assured that her soul had abandoned its fair tenement for ever. The crisp and glossy tresses that flowed to her waist seemed yet instinct with life; in all their wonted beauty they curled around the full white arm that lay so dead and motionless by her side: but mournful was the stillness of her long black eye lashes, which seemed now laid to rest forever on that smooth cheek whence every life-like tint had vanished, as the warm light of morning fades from a snow-clad hill, leaving it as coldly white as pure and polished marble. Ulander wept aloud; Phantasmion mused in sorrowful silence. Till now he had never looked on Zelneth as on a bright flower, doomed to wither, but had felt as if she were like the glittering stars that shine unaltered, while a thousand roses bloom and perish.

At last he recollected what befel him in the house of Magnart. "Perchance the damsel is but entranced," he said; "I myself once lay thus for for many an hour." Ulander raised his head, and, starting from his knees, approached Phantasmion. "Didst thou lie motionless?" he cried; "was thy breath suspended, were thy cheeks as pale as

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these?" Phantasmion poured balm into the heart of Ulander by the answers he gave to all his eager questions, and soon the chieftian called to mind how his ancient kinswoman, Malderyl, had cured one of his train who lay insensible after a wound received from a wild boar. The two youths were now standing together by the couch, the hand of Phantasmion locked in that of Ulander, who frankly told all he knew of Iarine, how he loved and lost her, and how he was on the way to consult Malderyl in the cavern concerning the fair princess, when his thoughts were suddenly absorbed by the distress and beauty of Zelneth. "But now," says he, "I will go forthwith to fetch the Queen of Tigridia: she hath great skill in medicine, and in other arts too. Me she loves well, and at my entreaty she will restore this maid, and perchance discover to thee the retreat of Iarine." Right glad was Phantasmion to accept Ulander's intercession with one whose evil powers were not to be averted by sword and spear; he zealously offered to keep watch by the body of Zelneth and to defend it, with the danger of his life, against a host of her kinsmen, should they come to take it away. Having accepted his courtesy, Ulander kissed the damsel's cold hand as it lay upon the couch, and sighed to see it no longer withdrawn as heretofore; then with looks of deep anxiety he hastened away. After his departure Phantasmion read these lines which he found traced on a tablet, but

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whether addressed to Zelneth or Iarine seemed uncertain:

I thought by tears thy soul to move
Since smiles had proved in vain;
But I from thee no smiles of love,
Nor tears of pity gain:
Now, now I could not smile perforce
A sceptred queen to please:
Yet tears will take th' accustom'd course
Till time their fountain freeze.

My life is dedicate to thee,
My service wholly thine:
But what fair fruit can grace the tree
Till suns vouchsafe to shine?
Thou art my sun, thy looks are light,
O cast me not in shade!
Beam forth ere summer takes its flight,
And all my honours fade.

When, torn by sudden gusty flaw,
The fragile harp lies mute,
Its tenderest tones the wind can draw
From many another lute;
But when this beating heart lies still,
Each chord relax'd in death,
What other shall so deeply thrill,
So tremble at thy breath?

But the dark hours came on; no lamp shed light on the silent face of Zelneth, when a train of damsels entered from the garden, with lighted tapers, and baskets of night-blowing flowers in their hands. They sang a dirge over the maiden, then covered her body with those blossoms of greenish white or palest yellow, stuck their tapers around the canopy, and slowly departed, leaving the chamber filled with an aromatic fragrance. Phantasmion had retired to the further end of the apartment,

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where the horns of an elk threw their wide shadow on the marble floor, and from that station he watched the mourners while they performed their gentle rites, then softly stole away. At last the door was closed, but one of the train yet lingered under the canopy, her flower-basket resting on the couch. Phantasmion, as he drew forward, beheld her countenance by the light of the tapers, which threw a tender gleam over the pale flowers, the still features of Zelneth, and the bright aerial visage that shone above them. "Feydeleen!" cried the prince, "can Zelneth be restored? and O! where is Iarine?" "Leave Zelneth in my care," she answered, "and seek thou the domain of Melledine, there to find and rescue her that is lost for thy sake." Phantasmion was about to reply with eagerness, but the nightly exhalations of so many overpowered his senses, and he sank on the floor, motionless and pale as the fair damsel who lay stretched upon the couch.

No sooner had he become thus entranced, than his guardian spirit stood beside him. "Feydeleen!" she exclaimed, "is it not enough to have deprived Phantasmion of the pitcher? wherefore hast thou dealt with him thus?" The soft Fairy smiled on Potentilla, and, with words and tones like the warm breeze that unbinds the frozen earth, she persuaded her not only to forgive what was past, but to make a compact with herself, whereby all whom they both loved should in the end be gainers. Potentilla

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called for her light car, drawn by dragon-flies, and having increased both to a convenient size by magic power, conveyed away the fainting prince, through the murky air, while Feydeleen remained alone by the side of Zelneth.

As a plant that seems irrecoverably withered revives at the first shower, swells out its flaccid leaves, and stretches them forth to catch the kindly moisture, so was Zelneth restored by the salutary dews and airs which the kind spirit shed around her. Gradually a tender bloom suffused her cheek, gentle breathing returned, the damsel raised herself from the couch, holding out her hand, as if to welcome some one, while her lids were yet fast sealed, then fell back upon her pillow in deep refreshing slumber. But, when a thousand flowers were opening their soft eyes upon the dawn, those of Zelneth were unclosed, and up she sprang, scattering on the floor the blossoms which had been so plentifully strewed on her seeming corse; they were now drooping, while she was upraised in health and lifesome beauty. Alas! Phantasmion had disappeared, and all the apartment was silent and solitary, till a fawn ran in from the open door, through which, ere the cock crew, Potentilla had carried him away. She went forth, and caught a glimpse of Feydeleen, who was just entering a tufted grove with a chalice in her hand. Zelneth followed, and, kneeling on the ground, under the embowered branches, be-

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sought her to declare why Phantasmion had left her side, and whither he was gone. A slender voice came from amid the myrtles, and it spoke thus. "Phantasmion left Zelneth to seek Iarine." "And shall I never more regain his heart?" the maid exclaimed. Again the soft voice, breathing gales of perfume, gently but clearly answered in these words: "Henceforth Phantasmion's heart will never swerve from Iarine." Zelneth continued to listen, while tears chased one another down her upraised face, but the only voice she now heard, was that of a turtle cooing to his mate, with soft notes long dwelt upon, in the depth of the wood. Then she strove to turn her heart against the bright youth of Palmland, and grieved to find how much more love than pride had mastery there. While her mind was full of such thoughts, she heard a slight rustling; something had fallen from the branches beside the place where she sate, and, straight before her, she espied the picture of Penselimer, with its eyes looking at hers, and seeming to convey, in their passionate melancholy, an expression of reproach. From the hour that it fell from her lap, when she first beheld Pantasmion, Zelneth had scarce bestowed a thought on this idol of her childhood, which Anthemmina, when her heart was estranged from Penselimer, had carelessly hung around her baby neck. Now she took it up by the chain of pearls to which it was fastened, and sighed, as she gazed on the well-known linea-

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ments, for the free heart and enamoured fancy of former times, when she rejected many an unpleasing suitor, for the sake, as she loved to imagine, of the noble Penselimer. Zelneth raised her eyes, on being accosted in a shrill voice, and shuddered to behold Malderyl approching her with a cup. "Ulander brought me to thy couch," said the ancient queen, "where we found plenty of withered flowers, but no entranced maiden; and soon my young kinsman, rushing to the door, beheld thee bound lightly over the lawn. I could have restored thee to health, had thy malady continued, and, even now, I would have thee drink this cup, lest it should return with the evening dews." Zelneth suspected that the liquor presented to her was some of that which had been prepared in the cavern, and that Malderyl's design was to make her return the chieftain's passion; nevertheless she took the cup and slowly drank, with her eyes fixed on the features of Penselimer. Scarce had the magic draught pervaded her frame than the portrait assumed a new aspect; it seemed fairer, nobler than Phantasmion himself; love for the king of Palmland seemed absorbed into a larger emotion, as the last wave is swelled by those which have gone before. Her visions of childhood rose again in all their keen aerial colours; the realities she had since experienced melted into indistinctness; their forms were gone, but still their glow remained, and filled the atmosphere of memory with warmth and golden light. Ulander advanced from

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amid the trees, where he had hitherto been shrouded, and, seeing her face bright with smiles, when she returned his salutaion, he inwardly rejoiced, vowing eternal gratitude to Malderyl, by whose endeavours he fully believed that Zelneth looked upon him thus. Formerly his enamoured looks and words, which the maid lacked strength to repel, seemed to hasten her spirit's flight; now they fell upon her occupied mind, like rain-drops on marble, which glitters amid the shower and remains unsoftened. Both were equally possessed with gladsome fancies, and confident in the success of their hopes, when they rode into the forest, ere noon-day, followed by a train of huntsmen, Zelneth indulging her steed in all his graceful vagaries, and Ulander fondly hoping that for long years to come she would thus disport herself by his side. "Kings shall sue for Zelneth, and for her the ardent lover shall forget his first love." Feydeleen breathed this prophecy once more in Zelneth's ear, as she passed under the branches. Now it was no longer unheard or unheeded; the damsel applied it to Penselimer, and joyfully expected that he would soon appear to rescue her from durance.

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CHAPTER XI.

PHANTASMION ENTERS THE SUNLESS VALLEY.

A NIGHT and a day had elapsed since Phantasmion left the domain of Ulander, when, roused from his trance, he found himself descending through the sky. Then he sate upright, and saw right before him, fanning the twilight air, the gauzy wings of dragon-flies, while those of Potentilla, who stood upright on the seat of the car, were playing above his head. The moon had not yet risen, but, when he came to the ground, and leaped upon the turf, he perceived a shining circlet in the sky, and, had no sooner looked upon it, than it began to descend, widening, swelling, and brightening as it sank. The tract where Phantasmion stood first glimmered, then gleamed, and lastly shone with more than noon-day splendour in many-coloured light, while gradually the features of the scene stole upon his eye, and soon he recognized the skeleton palace, where owls peeped forth from bowers of ivy, the ruined hall with its watery floor and rose-crowned window, and the wild pleasure ground in all its flush of blossoms. The Deserted Palace, and the space in front of it, were encircled by a vast hoop of cold flame,

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produced by innumerable fire flies. Phantasmion turned to Potentilla, who was leaning back in the car, over which her wings reclined, and smiling at his looks of wonder. "Wilt thou go with me," she said, "to rescue a lost maiden from the sunless valley?" "Instantly," cried Phantasmion. "Wherefore do we tarry?" "Recruit thy strength," replied the Fairy, "with what is provided in the car, then drink from this vial which Feydeleen gave me for thy use. It will ward off the drowsy influences of Melledine's abode. Phantasmion obeyed, and, while his eyes were brightening with the effect of the Flower Fairy's gift, Potentilla, from the seat of the car, touched his head and shoulders with her wand, then waved him after her as she soared aloft. The next moment he was flying through the air, his head surrounded with a halo of intense light, his dragon-fly wings and whole body beaming with a keen lustre, which varied from chrysolite to vivid green, passing off into the deepest azure, and thence into amethystine purple. Potentilla flew on before, with the wings and radiant head of a lantern-fly, and the clouds of luminous insects followed. As the whole mass went undulating along, they looked like a fiery river, flowing athwart the sky, and so proceeded, till, just as the moon rose, they overpassed the wall of rock which bounded Melledine's domain. "This region," said Potentilla, "by the spells of the enchantress, who dwells here, is perpetually hidden from the sun's light: the whole val-

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ley is girt on every side by rugged mountains, and, during the day, it is shrouded by an opaque fog." Phantasmion followed his guide above the black vapours, to a point over the centre of the valley, while the fire-flies, high over head, appeared once more like a circular constellation. Thence he saw the pitchy cloud splitting in the middle, and shrinking more and more, on every side, till at last it was heaped in huge scrolls on the mountain tops. While the moon and stars in full splendour were thus revealed to waking eyes below, Phantasmion beheld their beams reflected from the enlightened vale, from lily fields and groves of gleaming foliage, pastures whitened with straying flocks, and one wide sheet of water.

As he descended he heard no sound but that of the owls, hooting to one another from yew trees and ivy-mantled rocks, the sonorous notes of those at hand receiving clear but slender responses from others at a distance. Coming yet lower, he began to catch the nightingale's upper notes, and next the sound of flowing waters and the gurgling of brooks. Potentilla waved her wand, and the luminous procession, which was now following in the form of a serpent, quenched its radiance, and became suddenly as black as ink. Phantasmion underwent the same change, and followed his guide, who alone retained her light, to the abode of Melledine. The enchantress was busily employed in gathering herbs, on which the moonbeams rested,

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seeking them by the side of a rivulet which wandered through a meadow, silvered with white flowers. A damsel delicately fair and slender, with flaxen locks that floated to her taper waist, was following Melledine, and leading by a silver chain a milk-white stag, the hoofs and horns of which appeared to be also of silver. On his back the deer carried a pannier, filled with flowers and herbs, which the damsel received from the enchantress, and deposited there. Thus they proceeded, moving contrary to the course of the brook, till they arrived at a rocky knoll, where the same rivulet formed a little cataract, splitting, like a ravelled skein, into divers shining threads, here gliding in clear lapse over a smooth-faced stone, there skipping from rock to rock enveloped with foam, here narrow as a spindle, there spreading like a garment puffed out by the wind. Melledine was stooping over the united streams, when Potentilla ranged her legions right above the meadow and watery knoll: the head of the enchantress was crowned with white poppies and a shining veil, thrown back from her face, covered her kneeling form. Surprised at the shade which darkened the rivulet and its flowery banks, she looked straight up to the sky, disclosing a face of goodly features but black as ebony. Gazing thus she beheld Phantasmion all irradiated with purple light descending under the cloud, and in an instant afterwards the pitchy mass became a flaming pavilion. Then, blinded and amazed, she fell upon the ground,

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covering her face with her veil, and muttering disjointed spells, without power to repeat any at full length. Phantasmion alighted on the hillock, and Potentilla, hovering over his head, called on Melledine to deliver up the damsel whom she kept a captive in her sunless domain. She, meantime, was hasting away with the white stag, and soon entered a cypress grove, through which the rivulet held its way. Melledine hesitated to promise obedience, but when the air blackened with swarms of stinging insects, and the ground with locusts, she consented to yield up the captive maid, and to conduct her to the Deserted Palace through the pass whereby she entered the valley. No sooner was this promise given than the locusts rose into the air: Potentilla secured Melledine by chains, which were hidden under her glittering raiment, and with which she was wont to bind her victims: this being done, the whole swarm flew away along with the other insects, till they disappeared in the distance. Phantasmion had no sooner witnessed the submission of Melledine, than he pursued the damsel into the dark wood. As he rushed along, casting phosphoric splendour on the sombre foliage around, the nightingales hushed their songs, and the owls shrank away, letting down the curtains of their prominent eyes. At last he obtained sight of the damsel; she, after flitting on before him for some time, being now unable to go any further, stood in the pathway, leaning on the white stag, who had suited his pace to that of

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the lady, and restrained his steps when he saw that her powers of flight were exhausted.

The damsel clung to her mild companion, hiding her face against his neck, till the pursuer, having arrived where she stood, took her hand and gently cried, "Look up, my fair one! it is Phantasmion." At these words he withdrew the dazzling radiance which streamed from his whole person, leaving his head only encircled with a diadem of softened rays. Then the lady raised her face, and Phantasmion saw that it was Leucoia, the sister of Zelneth. Ill-fated maid; she had drunk the oblivious draught of Melledine, had not only forgotten her parents and pleasant home, but ceased to pine for the noble stranger, whose image had occupied her soul, a beautiful poison tree, that spread abroad its glistering boughs and blighted every other growth. But now Phantasmion's illumined face, radiant with love and beauty, suddenly cast a flood of light on forms and hues of memory, which magic power had obscured but never obliterated; again she loves, again her stilled bosom is roused to emotion, and, full of tears and blushes, she once more hides her face on the stag's neck. Phantasmion himself was overwhelmed with trouble and perplexity; Leucoia's heart he had never cared to fathom, but he now suspected that she, and not Iarine, was the lost maiden whom he had been sent to deliver. "Hast thou not found the daughter of Albinian?" he cried, turning to Potentilla, as she came through the grove,

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leading the sullen Melledine by her chain, "O tell me whither to go in search of her!" "Seek not here for the lovely princess," she replied: "but free Leucoia from captivity, and Feydeleen will lend her aid to make Iarine thine." "What power has Feydeleen?" cried Phantasmion, "and why must I do her behest?" "Hast thou forgotten the silver pitcher?" Potentilla replied; "without Feydeleen's good will thou canst never obtain the hand of her whom thou lovest." "Doubtless Ulander will be sent to rescue my lost maiden?" exclaimed the youth. "Nay," replied the fairy, "Ulander cares for no one now but dark-eyed Zelneth." Leucoia had been weeping silently, while the stag looked in her face with eyes full of tenderness; Phantasmion even fancied he saw a tear glisten there, and that he had seen that countenance before, if these were not illusions of his dazzled sight. But at Zelneth's name the maid looked up with an enquiring glance. "Knowest thou aught of my sister?" she said. "Zelneth went to seek for thee in the forest of Nemorosa," the youth replied: "there she was wounded by an arrow, and now lies, I fear, in evil plight at the house of the young chief Ulander." When Leucoia heard this her heart was oppressed by a crowd of sad emotions, and, throwing herself on her knees before Phantasmion, "Take me hence, I beseech thee," she cried; "I will not keep thee long upon the road, but travel, night and day, to reach my home." Phantasmion declared that

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he was ready to conduct the damsel whither she desired to go. He raised her from the earth, and placed her upon the back of the stag: Melledine showed the way to the borders of a lake, and Phantasmion followed, leading Leucoia's gentle steed by the silver chain.

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CHAPTER XII.

PHANTASMION RESCUES LEUCOIA FROM CAPTIVITY.

HAVING reached the banks of the wide sheet of water which Phantasmion had seen from on high, the company entered a mother of pearl boat, which was drawn by a team of swans, a full grown pair in front of the vessel, then three yokes of younger ones, each couple being smaller than that behind, while a single tiny cygnet floated on before. Doves fastened to the stern by silken cords and studs of diamond fluttered round the gleaming skiff, and hastened its progress, while they lulled the air with their downy pinions. The fire-fly constellation was reflected, together with the moon, on the calm waters, forming now a belt across her disk, now a ring which inclosed and shone beyond it: white peacocks spread their snowy trains over the dark foliage that overhung the lake, white cormorants occupied the rocks, and alabaster images of herons cast their still reflections on the pool. A tiger emerging from the recesses of the wood came to drink the cool wave, after sleeping in his lair during the close heat of the darksome day; and he

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too was colourless and gleaming as a ghost. Anon a white bird of paradise rose from the trees, and flew with slow undulating motion over the lake, first crossing the moon's bright image, then sinking amid blossoms, downy and drooping as her own light plumage, like a snow flake descended into a wreath of snow. The tiger was drinking at the end of a little promontory as the skiff passed by: a reflection on the water made him look up, when beholding the youth's illumined visage, he suddenly rushed back again into the depths of the grove. The company in the vessel were all silent and thoughtful, Leucoia's fair stag lay beside her feet, Potentilla sate at the helm with Melledine's chain in her hand, while the captive crouched beneath, her ebon-face bowed forward. Phantasmion leaning over the prow cast such bright gleams upon the waters, that the silver-scaled fishes leaped up, attracted by a stronger light than had ever penetrated their liquid haunts before. The pensive eyes of Leucoia were bent upon the youth's averted face: she longed not for green fields and sunshine, but would fain have dwelt with him in that gleaming vale for ever. Melledine drew nigh the stag, and would have rested her head upon his lily side, but when he shrank away she leaned against the edge of the boat, and began to murmur a soft melody. The tone of her voice was inexpressibly sweet, and such was her power that it seemed to proceed from the woods and waters and all places

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except the skiff. For at the time her words were inaudible, but, at last, Phantasmion ceased to watch the leaping fishes, and listened unconsciously to these numbers:

Blest is the tarn which towering cliffs o'ershade,
Which, cradled deep within the mountain's breast
Nor voices loud, nor dashing oars invade:
Yet e'en the tarn enjoys no perfect rest,
For oft the angry skies her peace molest,
With them she frowns, gives back the lightning's glare,
Then rages wildly in the troubled air.

This calmer lake, which potent spells protect,
Lies dimly slumbering through the fires of day,
And when yon skies, with chaste resplendence decked,
Shine forth in all their stateliest array,
O then she wakes to glitter bright as they,
And view the face of heaven's benignant queen
Still looking down on hers with smile serene!

What cruel cares the maiden's heart assail,
Who loves, but fears no deep-felt love to gain,
Or, having gain'd it, fears that love will fail!
My power can soothe to rest her wakeful pain,
Till none but calm delicious dreams remain,
And, while sweet tears her easy pillow steep,
She yields that dream of bliss to ever welcome sleep.

While the strain proceeded, a pleasing stupor stole over Phantasmion, in spite of the antidote supplied by Feydeleen; he began to dream with his eyes open, and beheld the face of Iarine in that of Leucoia. He fancied himself on the Black Lake, and the radiance of the moon seemed to his eyes the same soft sunlight which had shone upon his last interview with the island princess. Potentilla had been busily plying her pinions, and broke the silence of night with a continuous hum, which

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seemed to tell of open flowers, and glancing sunbeams: now her wings of gauze hung sleepily down, her lamp languished, one hand dropped the helm, the other resigned the chain, and bending forward she nodded over the stern. Then Melledine raised her head, and, fixing her eyes upon Phantasmion's face continued her melodious incantations, accompanied by the soft noise of downy wings and of the gliding vessel. Meanwhile as she waved her hand, a mist gradually rose all round the skiff, and on its silvery tissue the rays of the moon painted a vivid rainbow, which rested on either side among darksome groves and shady waters, while, betwixt the arch, an island, and the grey towers of an ancient castle, appeared to loom through the vapoury veil. Then Phantasmion dreamed that all which had passed, since he plighted his faith to Iarine under the sunny rainbow, was but a dream: he took from his bosom her glossy ringlet, which had been twined with rubies to form a crown for his brow, and placing it on Leucoia's head, while he whispered vows of changeless love, he bade her wear it for his sake till she was queen of Palmland. Melledine looked earnestly at Leucoia, with her finger on her lips, and entreated her, in low breathed strains of melody, to bear at least a silent part in this deception. And, if the maiden loved Phantasmion while his countenance was unimpassioned, how still more loveable did he now appear, when his looks and tones expressed the deepest tender-

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ness! But her spirit was free from magic influence, and, having just recovered from the treacherous spell, she was less subject to its power. "Never," she said, "shall Phantasmion, for my unworthy sake, be hidden from the sun's light; false Melledine's subtle sleights shall all prove vain." The enchantress had by this time turned the skiff, the doves fanned the air with redoubled vigour, and the swans rowed swiftly on toward the head of the lake. Leucoia took a loosened peg, which had fastened one of the dove-cords into the skiff, and was about to prick the relaxed palm of Potentilla, which lay half open beside her lap; when the vigilant fairy, who had only been feigning slumber, quickly rose, her flames all rekindled, and snatching the peg from Leucoia, plunged it up to the diamond head in the arm of Melledine which was guiding the rudder. Stung with pain, the enchantress uttered one loud piercing shriek: such a sound had never escaped her lips till then, such a sound had never before been heard in the gleaming valley. The peacocks which sate in multitudes on the trees around the lake, unfurling their eyeless trains to the moon-beams, echoed that scream till the mountains rang again, and instantly afterwards the fiery constellation descended from on high to hang over Melledine's head in the guise of a comet, that flamed and quivered just aloft with painful splendour. Dazzled and stun-

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ned she sank to the bottom of the skiff, veiling her head and pressing her palms closely over her muffled ears. While Potentilla resumed the rudder and put the vessel back into its former course, Phantasmion, now thoroughly awakened, looked in confusion at the chaplet of Iarine's hair which twined the flaxen locks of Leucoia. The damsel took it from her head, and with a gentle smile and glistening eye, restored it to him: that done, the stag, which had been standing by her side with wild looks ever since Melledine turned the skiff, lay down at her feet and rested peacefully as before.

After awhile the boat entered a river, by which the waters of the lake partly flowed off. The swans held on their course till they arrived at a steep wall of cliff, against the lower part of which a cloud was resting. Here they stopped, and Potentilla having pulled Melledine by the chain, she rose, and, waving her hand, caused the cloud to soar from the base to the middle of the rock, discovering an archway, through which the stream flowed and disappeared amid the windings of the passage. Leucoia embraced her gentle stag as they entered the gloomy vault; Phantasmion covered himself with redoubled brightness, and cast his many-coloured radiance on the expanded wings and arched necks of the swans, while on before and around the gliding boat all was black shadow, save where the fire-flies made a golden line in the dark wave, or, soaring up, illumined the roof of the vault, enkindling many

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a sparry rock, which never reflected one bright ray before. At last the damsel's now unwonted eyes were smitten by a faint sunbeam; the birds moved with renewed vigour, hastening toward the genial light, and soon a picture, delicate and minute from distance, presented itself to the eyes of the voyagers, who once more beheld the varied green of trees opposed to the deep blue of the sky, and all the landscape bathed in golden radiance. Melledine seemed blasted by the sight, and crouched with her face to the stern, closely wrapped in her veil. Meantime the halo which surrounded Phantasmion faded away, and his wings disappeared: but heedless of the change he sate, gazing into the stream, while the swans lowered their expanded sails, and Leucoia leaped ashore with her white stag; for once more he beheld his watery image with that of a damsel holding up a pitcher before her face. And now for the first time he observed, in the faint background of the picture, a prostrate form, with the aspect of one dying or dead. "Why renew this vision?" said he to the enchantress, pulling her chain; "whom wouldst thou now delude?" The prisoner replied that what had deceived Anthemmina was no work of hers, but produced by a spirit of the waters, who had the faculty of fore-showing future scenes. While she yet spoke it faded away; all quitted the skiff, and, at a signal from Melledine, the swans disappeared under the darksome vault.

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CHAPTER XIII.

PHANTASMION HEARS THE SECOND PART OF PENSELIMER'S STORY.

Potentilla bade Phantasmion follow the stream that flowed from Melledine's domain till it entered a large river. "There," said she, "thou shalt find one who will convey thee and thy company to a dell not far from Leucoia's home. Offer the gem that clasps thy sleeve to the boatman, and he will receive you all without delay." Then her form changed, and he knew not if she were gone, or still flitted around him among the gilded flies and feathery gnats that hummed in the sunshine.

As they proceeded, Phantasmion heard the rocks resound from a distance, above the murmur of the brook, the course of which they were following: sometimes he thought they rang Anthemmina's knell with melancholy falls, and then again their merry tinkling chime seemed fitter to express the happiest espousals. Soon after those sounds ceased to be audible, having arrived where the waters met, and espied an old man in a boat, he plucked the jewel from his sleeve, and ran toward him holding it up to sparkle in the rays of the sun. On a nearer

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view he saw that the conductor provided by his guardian Fairy was no other than the ancient fisherman of the Black Lake, who clasped his hands for joy as soon as he knew the prince. "The messenger might have told thy name," he cried, "instead of offering hire." "What messenger?" inquired the youth. "She with bright wings," he answered, "who met me in the watery dell, and bade me hasten hither with this boat. Was it not on thy account she promised that I should win by the journey more than my fish had ever earned in Polyanthida? or was it all a dream?" Phantasmion replied that, if it were, he had dreamed to a good purpose, and, having placed his companions in the vessel, he took an oar, and seated himself beside the fisherman, who felt right glad to see him turn the boat, and begin rowing down the stream. They made great way with little effort, the full tide bearing them so rapidly forward, that the rich meads of Almaterra flew by like dreams, while each new scene had carried its colours into the next, ere the eye had time to distinguish it. Now and then they came to land for refreshment, and added the juicy fruits of the river side to their other provisions: such delays Phantasmion yielded to courtesy, though but ill pleased to see the stream run by his idle boat. Nor did Leucoia wish to linger long upon the way, for she had now resolved on following her sister to the chieftain's palace, if her mother's consent could be gained; and the more her heart re-

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proached her with Zelneth's wound, and Arzene's anguish, the less she felt the pangs of unrequited love.

It was now the end of the third day, and night hung over the voyagers: white moths, flitting by, reflected feeble gleams of light at intervals, and once the eyes of the wild cat glared amid branches that deepened the darkness of the waters by their shade. Leucoia slept with a tear on her cheek, lulled by the chant of nightingales; Melledine lay still, and heaved no breath; Phantasmion rowed on in silence, while the old man, from whose failing hand he had taken the oar slumbered heavily at his feet. He was thinking whether Potentilla still watched over him, when a ring of fire-flies suddenly encircled the black visage of the enchantress, and revealed the workings of her sullen face. In a few moments they rose with shrouded light, and a well known voice was heard to sing thus:

What means that darkly-working brow,
Melledine?
Whose heart-strings art thou wresting now,
Melledine?
The dearest pleasure follows pain,
But thou with grief shalt aye remain,
And for thyself hast forged the chain,
Melledine!

"Those gauzy wings!" muttered the fisherman, disturbed, but not awakened, by the fairy's shrill pipe. He slept in peace, while she thus proceeded in a softer tone:

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Ah, dream of sullen skies no more,
Sad Leucoia!
The roughest ocean hath a shore,
Sweet Leucoia!
A steadfast shore the billows kiss,
And oft some fancied joy to miss,
Prepares the heart for higher bliss,
Young Leucoia!

By daybreak the vessel was gliding near a field, which the river all but surrounded. Bright green was that field, sun-bright its liquid fence, and brightly shone its groups of giant lilies, their glossy leaves full fed with moisture, their painted petals vying with the painted insect, which seemed in rivalry to rest its wings beside them. Round this fair semi-isle Phantasmion steered his boat, and saw that just beyond its farthest angle a narrower stream, which flowed beneath high woody banks, joined company with the river, losing itself in the stronger current, as childhood steals imperceptibly into vigorous youth. Guessing that this new comer issued from the lake near Magnart's mansion, he concluded that here was the place to which the fairy had directed him, and was preparing to land on the meadow, when his ear caught the melody of a harp, floating along the hidden course of the tributary stream. The sounds approached quickly from a distance, and now were interpreted by the varying tones of a voice, which it seemed to him that he had formerly heard with the same accompaniment. He fixed his eye on the spot where the rivers met, and soon beheld a skiff, with silken streamer

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glide from among the trees. It made for the meadow, and, when he had ascertained by whom it was occupied, he took up the oars, and, having awakened the fisherman, began to look about for a landing-place. Leucoia still lay fast asleep, with her head toward the prow; she had been dreaming of Zelneth, and seemed to roam in search of her through tangled wilds; but, when the sounds of the harp came thrilling across the waters, they wrought new images into the dream. That kingly portrait, once her sister's idol, appeared to gleam upon her lonesome path; but, when she stooped towards it, the picture had become a living shape, while the frame rose into high trees, between the golden shafts of which the monarch sate before her, singing and playing on his harp. This vision was dissolved by the slight shock of the boat coming to shore, and no sooner were her eyes opened than they discerned the very object of her dream, Penselimer himself, with his hand upon the strings of the harp, which he had just ceased to sound, while on he came, betwixt the drooping trees that overhung the river. And Zelneth stands beside him!—Zelneth herself, with outstretched arms, and eager look, and face not pale and languishing, but full of bloom and triumph, as before the days of her unprosperous love. And who is she that bends towards the long lost maid with deeper and more melancholy fondness? Is it Arzene? Ah yes! that mild maternal brow is none but hers: Leucoia is soon folded in her mother's

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arms, and feels that now indeed she has attained a peaceful haven.

When the happy tears and embraces of this meeting were over, Arzene retired with her daughters to another part of the dell, where a tent had been pitched among the trees for their reception, and harnessed steeds were in readiness to carry them home by land. Then Penselimer, finding himself alone with Phantasmion in the island meadow, (for the old man was a little way off with his vessel,) accosted him in the friendliest manner, smiling, and saying with a perfectly rational air,—"I owe thee many thanks, young king of Palmland; by thy hand I have been restored to reason." The youth looked astonished at these words. "That thou art a changed man," he answered, "I see plainly; but how I can have wrought the change I see not, and were thy looks no less wild than thy speech, I should hold thee as far from reason as ever." "Hear the second part of my story," said Penselimer, "as thou hast formerly heard the first: I will soon show what part thou hast played in my adventures, unknown to thyself." Phantasmion delivered Melledine to the attendants, and heard the king of Almaterra relate how the ebon-faced enchantress had tempted him to seek the house of Malderyl, what had befallen him there, how he personated his enemy, fought with him in that disguise, and was wounded by the magic weapon, but not mortally, as all supposed." "And whither went Glandreth?" exclaim-

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ed Phantasmion, Oloola's prophecy rushing into his mind; "did he invade the Land of Palms?" "I thought not of him," replied the monarch; "for days, indeed, I lay incapable of thought, and, when my senses returned, was racked with grievous pangs; but this bodily suffering proved the cure of my better part, which, like the dyer's tincture, underwent the fire till it became clear, glowing and resplendent. Reason rose, as it were, from the dead, and now in my true being I began to live once more. Again the stars shone forth in their own brightness, again the breezes blew with their own freshness; self, shrinking within its natural limits, no longer sicklied the whole face of outward things, as vapours veil with one same lurid hue, earth, sky, and water; my spirit ceased to multiply itself by a thousand vain reflections, but grew and spread through nourishment from without.

"While I was in this happy state, feeling as if my soul were a thing apart from its mortal frame, yet with my head sunken among the pillows from utter weakness, Albinian's queen drew near, weeping bitterly, and calling me by the name of Glandreth; while, at the same time, methought there was a soft, bright face on the other side of the bed, which peeped from behind the curtains, and seemed to be smiling at her in derision. Wondering if these were but spectres of delirium, I raised myself up a little, when Maudra, beholding my face, cried aloud, and hurried from the apartment. Then that

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other bright visitant, growing more distinct, showed herself to be the fairy Feydeleen, and bade me hasten to Nemorosa, where a lady of the house of Thalimer was detained against her will. As she gave the command, the Flower Spirit imparted the power of obeying it, such enlivening odours and salutary dews she scattered round me ere she disappeared. I arose, feeling that my wounds were healed, and took my way, sane in body and mind, through the country of Malderyl. Entering Nemorosa during the heat of the day, I was allured to a shady covert by the sound of falling waters, and there I spied a dark and slender youth holding a silver vessel under a scanty rill which spouted over the rocks. At the first glance I felt assured that this vessel was Anthemmina's pitcher, but, before I had resolved whether to claim it or no, the dark youth mounted his horse and rode away. 'Anthemmina is dead,' thought I, 'and if any malignant power imagines that by this sight he may lure me back again to my former dreams, he has missed his purpose; but, for the sake of Anthemmina's lovely child, I will see into what hands the charm has fallen.'" Phantasmion was now listening with a fixed eye and troubled heart, for he doubted not that Karadan was the youth with the pitcher, and that he had gone in search of Iarine to Nemorosa. "I followed him," pursued Penselimer, "but he had ridden out of sight, and, while I was considering which way to take, a strange object arrested my at-

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tention. Below the green oaks of the forest, grew the stump of a black thorn, which seemed to have been blighted, for not a single leaf remained upon its uncouth boughs. The tree was split into a double trunk, one portion of which reclined upon the ground, while the other stood upright, and, toward the top, shot forth a solitary pair of branches. Casting my eyes adown the forest, I beheld the branches change into the horns of a stag, the upright stem put on the appearance of a deer's head, and towering neck, while that which lay upon the ground swelled out into a body covered with a spotted hide. I rushed forward to examine this marvel, when the creature started up on legs newly formed, perhaps from the roots of the thorn bush, and flew before me, while I eagerly followed, spurring the sides of my fleet horse to overtake him. Bounding on with huge leaps, he came at last upon a company of hunters, the most noticeable of whom was one that wore a panther skin around his loins, and on his yellow hair a crown of golden oak leaves. No sooner had this goodly youth espied the giant stag, than off he flew, followed by all his train with whoop and hollo. One fair huntress alone remained, gazing bashfully at me, with such looks as might have made me pause on the road to paradise." "And this fair huntress," cried Phantasmion, "was Zelneth, daughter of Magnart; she whom Feydeleen sent thee to deliver, she who was destined to replace all that thou

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hadst lost in Anthemmina?" "Even so," rejoined Penselimer; "at first I thought she was Anthemmina herself, restored in all her bloom and beauty. And thus we stood silent and motionless, till the shouts of the distant huntsmen began to die upon the ear. Then she fled with me, and, on better knowledge of the sweet lady's features, I found they had an expression all their own, and one for its own sake most worthy to be loved. Fair indeed were the still eyes of Anthemmina, gleaming amid cloudy tresses; seen in the light, they showed as many exquisite shades of colour as a mountain pool; but those of Zelneth sparkle so with life and meaning, that we think less of them than of the eloquent tales they tell. How her love was bestowed on me I marvel; she was but a laughing babe—"

"Think me no babe now!" cried Zelneth, softly approaching, and smiling away some little confusion at sight of the younger prince; "sooth to say, I have not yet found thee much older and wiser than myself. I should scarce quarrel with these few grey hairs," she added, in a lower tone, "if they did not remind me of the years that I have missed thy love." With a brightened countenance Penselimer finished his story. "It was dusk," he cried, "when we entered Magnart's garden; Arzene ran from the threshold to welcome us, but Zelneth greeted her with tears. 'Think not that I bring Leucoia,' she cried; 'I hoped to find her with

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thee, but the tone of thy voice tells me that thou art still bereaved.' While the sad mother wept on Zelneth's bosom, Feydeleen gleamed upon my sight just under those moon-shiny blossoms that droop over the porch. 'Weep no more,' she cried, in soothing accents; 'but seek the long lost maiden in the watery dell.'" "Didst thou see her?" asked Zelneth. "As plainly as I see thee now," replied the king, fixing his pensive eyes on the sprightly maid; "and methought she drew a white violet from her bosom." "Ah, my sister's flower!" the lady cried; "mine eyes must have been dimmed with tears. I only heard her voice. And said she not that a spirit of the wood protects Leucoia, and that this same spirit lent her power to raise the sylvan phantom that brought thee to my aid?" "Methought so," the king replied; "but, lady, let me place thee on thy steed, or the sun will reach his journey's end while we are delaying ours." Then they all rose to depart, and, after bidding farewell to the friendly fisherman, Phantasmion rode with Zelneth and Penselimer toward the mansion of Magnart, relating his adventures in the Sunless Valley by the way.

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CHAPTER XIV.

PHANTASMION MEETS A NUMEROUS COMPANY AT THE MANSION OF MAGNART.

MEANWHILE Arzene and her train were hastening homewards with fair Leucoia, whose snow-white stag tripped on in front of the company, as if delighted to carry a rider that so befitted his own graceful form. At times the maid turned to exchange smiles with Arzene, and see what watchful eyes were ever bent on her, then she flew forward again, surveying with new delight the vale of Polyanthida, and every object brightened by the beams of day. At last her father's mansion came in sight, and the damsel bounded on, waving aloft a white mantle, and casting up her eyes to a little mount within the walls, where her young brothers and sisters were assembled to watch the advancing company. Thus she approached the principal entrance, while the children were skipping down the hill, and beheld, not far from the gateway, an ancient woman seated in a car, to which leopards were harnessed. The heads of the beasts were held by a youth, who had himself somewhat of a wild and sylvan air, but not unmixed with gentleness and lofty grace.

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He was listening to the words of a dwarf, who stood in front of the car, and grasped the reins with his left hand, while, with his right, he pointed at Leucoia. But when the damsel's fair stag came nigh the leopards, he started, and rushed through the open gate by which the children had passed to meet Arzene. The youth stepped forward, but could not overtake the fugitive till he had reached the top of that woody hillock which overlooked the road. There, holding the reins of her sylvan steed, he told the lady that his name was Ulander, that he had come to Polyanthida under the guidance of his sage kinswoman Malderyl, in search of her lovely sister Zelneth, whom he sought in marriage, and who had been carried away from his forest realm just when he hoped she would become his bride. "Tell me now," cried he, looking out over the road with glowing cheek, "is not that my betrothed lady who comes in front of the troop?" "A betrothed lady comes there, but not thine, I think," replied Leucoia, with a pitying smile. "O no, I cannot be deceived!" exclaimed the lover; "what damsel rides with such youthful spirit, such queenly grace, as my fair Zelneth? O yes! and surely that is Phantasmion of Palmland, who comes on before!" Ulander cast his sparkling eyes upon Leucoia's face, and marked its pensive air. "But who is he that keeps by the side of Zelneth?" the chieftain next inquired. "That is the king of this country," she answered. "And wherefore

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comes he to Polyanthida?" asked the youth. "To celebrate his nuptials, as I guess," Leucoia made reply. Ulander smiled when he beheld her blushing cheek, and asked in a courteous whisper if she were to be the bride. "O no!" she answered; "Penselimer seeks the hand of Zelneth, who had indeed betrothed herself to him, as I can witness, before she went to seek for me in thy far country." Struck by these unexpected tidings, Ulander dropped the reins and sank upon the ground; but soon recovering, he saw the gentle eyes of the stag and of Leucoia fixed upon his face: the one was standing near him, while the other kneeled by his side. The lady's gentle countenance tempted Ulander to pour forth all his sorrow to her, and even while he spoke, her looks of pity stole into his heart and softened the bitterness of that grief which he described so eloquently. But now Arzene appeared, climbing the hill with young Hermillian and all her blooming train. The chieftain was still telling his tale with passionate gestures to Leucoia, who leaned upon her stag, and felt her own griefs assuaged by the tears that flowed for Ulander. Arzene accosted the youth, and made him the same courteous proffer of hospitality which had been already accepted by his ancient kinswoman. He gladly consented to be her guest, and accompanied the wife and daughter of Magnart to a pleasant bank shaded by trees, and spread with wines, and fruits, and dainty viands, by Arzene's command.

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Ulander kept by the side of Leucoia, continuing his discourse as much for the sake of the listener as the subject: for, while he beheld her gentle smiles, and soft retreating eyes, new thoughts and wishes began to arise in his bosom. Insensibly he ceased to think of Zelneth; but, caressing Leucoia's silver-coated stag, observed how fair he would look among the glades of Nemorosa. "Wilt thou go to that far land?" quoth the damsel playfully to her favourite. "Fair mistress," replied the chieftain, answering for him, "without thee I should pine and perish; let us both dwell there together." At that moment the stag raised his soft bright eye, and looked at Leucoia, as if he adopted what was said in his name.

Arzene and the ancient queen were now sitting on a bank; the white deer came to browse beside them, ever and anon looking up in the face of Malderyl, who scowled and shuddered as she met his gentle gaze. Ulander among the trees at a little distance was teaching Leucoia how to shoot, when Zelneth, followed by her noble companions, entered the grove. With light steps she approached her sister; but, on a sudden, beheld the chieftain of Nemorosa bending his bow under a laurel. At that sight she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and drew back hastily to the side of Penselimer. Then she approached the bank to salute young Hermillian, who was twining his mother's hair with

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honeysuckle, and started, when the face of Malderyl presented itself to her view.

Soon afterwards the whole company assembled in Magnart's princely hall, but, while the guests were gaily entertained, their gentle hostess sighed for one that was absent, and wondered whether Karadan had joined his father in Rockland. Ulander had ceased to sigh, and appeared so all intent on winning Leucoia's grace that Zelneth addressed him with one of her archest smiles, and inquired what had become of the panther's skin which he used to wear for her sake. She blushed when the youth whispered that he did but follow her example; had not she too forgotten for whose sake she once wore it? Afterwards, however, he drew a remnant of the hide from beneath his vest to spread it under Leucoia's feet, then cast upon the spotty carpet his crown of golden oak-leaves, which Zelneth took up, and twined among her sister's ringlets.

Amid these and other such pleasantries the evening shades stole on, when Melledine dismissed her gloom, and joined insensibly in the general mirth. Next Malderyl rose, and with meaning glances, besought the lady of the Sunless Vale for that oblivious charm which her kinsman stood in need of; at the same time she placed a chalice in her hand, and Melledine, taking forth a vial, poured the contents therein, and delivered the cup to Ulander. But he fixed his eyes on Leucoia, as she sate considering the coronal which now she held in her

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hand, and, declaring that he had no flames in his bosom which he desired to extinguish, poured out the liquor on the marble floor. Then Malderyl complimented the bashful maid on having gained a most experienced suitor, one so well seasoned to love's variable clime that he might now endure its worst vicissitudes; and, flinging stones that rebounded from one point to another, annoyed all present by hints at Ulander's passion for Zelneth, and his worship of Iarine. While the youth himself maintained a blushing silence Melledine pretended to take his part. "Methinks I can spy good reasons for his last change," said she, "I know of a song which fits this case well"—"A song!" cried Malderyl; "let us hear it; thy voice may have more persuasion than thy words." Phantasmion was absorbed in thought of Iarine, and Leucoia engaged by the silent courtship of her sylvan lover, when this wily proposal was made; so, without opposition from them, the veiled lady held up her fettered arms, where she stood in the midst of the hall, and, with expressive gestures, began to sing thus in the person of Ulander:

Methought I wander'd dimly on,
But few faint stars above me shone,
When Love drew near:
"The night," said he, "is dark and damp,
To guide thy steps receive this lamp
Of crystal clear."

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Love lent his torch,—with ready hand
The splendid lamp, by his command,
I strove to light;
But strove in vain; no flame arose,
Unchanged, unfired as moonlit snows,
It sparkled bright

Again on wings as swift as thought
The boy a glittering cresset brought
Of sunny gold:
Full sure 'twas worth a monarch's gaze,
And how I toil'd to make it blaze
Can scarce be told.

Deprived of hope I stood perplex'd,
And, through my tears, what offer'd next
Obscurely floated:
One other lamp Love bade me take,
Mine eye its colour, size or make,
But little noted;

Till soon, (what joys my soul inspire!)
From far within a steady fire
Soft upward steals;
And O how many a tender hue,
What lines to loveliest nature true,
That beam reveals!

Now what reck I of burnish'd gold,
Or crystal cast in statelier mould?—
This lamp be mine,
Which makes my path where'er I go,
With warm reflected colours glow,
And light divine.

Gradually Melledine's voice, together with the fumes of the liquor which had been spilled upon the floor, infected the hearers with drowsiness, and, as the song proceeded, the scenes it pictured stole upon their misted eyes: first dim star-light, then Love with torch and lamp and beamy smile emerging from a wood, till at last a crowd of witching

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faces, and bright torches, and lamps of a thousand shapes and colours, lit and unlit, waved along before them in endless succession. Even the enamoured chief could no longer look upon the very face of Leucoia, but beheld a lucid image of it with closed lids. The maid herself scarce inquired whether she were indeed the lamp that was kindling at Ulander's touch, and, though lately proof against Melledine's charm now nodded under the influence of this doubly potent spell. Phantasmion kept his eyes open longer than the rest, and perceived that Malderyl was loosing the fetters from his captive's feet and hands, but was too fast held in drowsy bands to prevent her liberation, and, ere it was fully effected, he too lay slumbering on the floor. A new sun had just dawned when he started up and saw its rays brightening the crimson cushions around, and the fair faces which reclined on them; but the enchantresses were gone. With small hope of recovering his prisoner he rushed into the garden, and, passing toward the chief entrance through a shady avenue, beheld the traces of panthers' feet on the humid soil. But beyond the trees and the gate, in open sunshine not a foot-mark was to be seen upon the firm dry earth; and, when he looked at the contracted shadows of cattle on the verdurous plain, and saw the broad blue sky, where a carolling bird was the only speck of darkness, he felt as if drowsy charms, and sunless vales, and sable visages were but dreams of a long dim night.

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CHAPTER XV.

ULANDER CONDUCTS LEUCOIA TO THE FOREST.

THERE was something in the face of the huntsman chief which brought to Leucoia's mind young Dariel of Tigridia. The maid had loved and suffered silently, so that, when she listened to the suit of Ulander, Arzene thought she gave her hand to him who had first touched her heart. The nuptials of Zelneth and Leucoia were celebrated in their native vale, and Sanio, Penselimer's trusty minister, being present at the festivities, was the first to inform the king of Palmland that Glandreth had invaded his dominions, and was now occupying them with a powerful army. Forthwith a league was struck betwixt the three sovereigns, who resolved to unite hand and heart against the common enemy, to drive the invaders from Palmland, to free Almaterra from dependence on the Land of Rocks, to protect the right of Albinian's son, and to place Ulander on the throne of his ancestors. Phantasmion resolved on secretly entering Gemmaura, that district which had been annexed to Palmland by the union of Zalia and Dorimant, for the sake of raising the spirits of the inhabitants by his presence and

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stirring them against the foe. It was settled that Penselimer, meantime, should divide his forces, that one part, in company with the foresters of Nemorosa, should fall upon Rockland, while the other, having joined Phantasmion in Gemmaura, which was yet free from the foreign troops, should unite with such an army as he could muster to drive the invaders from the Land of Palms. With these allies Phantasmion would have felt sure to triumph but for the lack of metal armour, which damped his subjects' martial prowess. Neither could the king of Almaterra supply the deficiency, for all the steel and brass which his people had in use they derived from Rockland, having neither mines nor skilful smiths among themselves. Magnart could not be called upon to fulfil his big promises, for he had entered Rockland with all the men he had at command, under pretence of securing Albinian's throne, against his brother's selfish schemes, for the boy Albinet. He desired to have his eldest son with him in this expedition, and to bring about his marriage with Iarine; but the youth and the maid were both missing, and no one could inform him where to seek for either. Penselimer's queen was eager to raise a powerful army in behalf of Phantasmion, not from any lingering remnant of love for him, but that her kingly spouse might appear important in the eyes of all men: Leucoia dreaded warfare, but from gratitude to her deliverer she felt

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anxious that he should be enabled to regain his kingdom.

While Phantasmion journeyed on towards his mother's country, which lay betwixt Almaterra and Palmland, full of grief to think that he must again travel away from Iarine, Penselimer conducted Zelneth to his castle with regal pomp, and Ulander's gentle bride accompanied her spouse to Nemorosa. The wife of Magnart went with Leucoia on her journey; for having heard Penselimer's tale, she could not doubt that the youth who carried a silver pitcher was her beloved son, and purposed to make inquiry in every house on the borders of the forest till she traced him out. After many disappointments in this quest she entered the goatherd's cottage, and there heard tidings which made her resolve to shape her course toward the sea. Arzene had left home with no attendants of her own, and, now that she was to part company with her son and daughter, Leucoia bade the chieftain guard her through the dangerous forest. Ulander, though somewhat loth, obeyed his bride's behest, and, to show his zeal and devotion, attended her mother, leaving Leucoia at the goatherd's cottage. The lady asked many questions of her host concerning his late guests. She had already heard him relate to Arzene how a beautiful young maid and her aged sire abode under his roof, how the old man died, and the damsel departed with a tall dark youth who bore a silver pitcher. Now he spoke more minutely of these matters, and

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showed the jewels which his guests had given him. Leucoia felt certain that the decrepit man of whom he spake must have been Iarine's father, and full of tender thoughts, she wandered forth alone to view the hollow in the rocks where his body had been deposited. Passing through a part of the wood she espied the fair white stag browsing among the trees a little way off, and, fearing that he might stray too far, she went to lead him back toward the cottage. On she tripped, calling him by his name in silver tones; but, ere she reached his side, two dwarfs rushed out upon her from behind some bushes, and, while one pinioned her arms, the other bound them with cords, then both together placed her at the bottom of a car drawn by leopards, wherein the ancient queen of Tigridia was seated. "Swartho," said Malderyl, to one of these monsters, putting the reins into his hand, "dost thou see how yon white deer stands terror-stricken? Drive up to him: if he awaits our approach I will throw this noose round his neck, and take him to the gardens of the cavern." Swartho's toad eyes gleamed strangely, while his mistress spoke, and, as he stared in affright, the scarlet ring flamed out all round; but, without answering a word, he shook the reins and drove up to the stag. Leucoia was lying stupified at Malderyl's feet, the witch stood erect, the object of attack appeared as motionless as if it were a marble effigy placed there to decorate the glade. But no sooner had Malderyl cast her loop round his neck than

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she dropped the cord and shrieked aloud: it was no stag, but a tiger with glaring eyeballs and terrific jaws, around which her noose was hanging. With a roar that shook the forest he sprang upon the leopards, and, at that moment, Ulander appeared in sight. Perceiving the jeopardy of his kinswoman he rushed on with his javelin uplifted: but, no sooner had he approached the car, than the tiger vanished. Ulander beheld his own Leucoia lying bound at the feet of Malderyl, and the hideous dwarf crouching like a nightmare on her breast. In a moment he had severed the cords that bound her arms, and would have spitted the monster with his spear, but a voice that seemed to be made up of many sweet voices, so powerful and mellow it sounded, was heard to speak thus; "Take home thy gentle bride, Ulander, and let the dwarf and Malderyl go unhurt. Fear nothing for Leucoia: she may wander securely, by day or night, amid the loneliest recesses of this forest. The Spirit of the Woods protects her, and destined the maid from childhood for thy bride. Go, Malderyl! in vain wouldst thou seek to overthrow my plans: fly to thy mountain abode, and lurk no longer in the shadow of these boughs, weaving deceits and treacheries." While the voice continued, every bird was silent, every leaf motionless on the spray; but, when it ceased, a murmur ran through the forest, as if the whole expanse of foliage were swept by one strong transient gale, and all the feathered inmates of the wood burst

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forth at once into a choral melody. Leucoia leaped upon the turf, then Malderyl drove her leopards through an opposite quarter of the forest, and soon was hidden from view amid leafy oaks and beeches. The lady by Ulander's side pursued a different course: wherever she passed, the birds crowded to the boughs, even the trees themselves appeared to be saluting her with lowered branches, and a troop of white fawns, like snow-drops, such as had never been seen in that region before, skipped around and preceded her steps.

But when the wedded pair arrived at the Sylvan Palace, Ulander saw, to his astonishment, that its precincts were enlarged, that a fence of tall trees which formerly bounded one end of it was now removed, and a delicious pleasure ground, watered by a clear stream, laid open to the view. This was Malderyl's garden, which the Spirit of the Wood had thus added to the domain of Ulander, having taken off the spells which had hitherto hedged it round. The Witch's cavern was yet standing, but soon afterwards an earthquake laid it in ruins, and the place it had occupied became a rocky channel, where the river, diverted from its ancient bed, flowed roughly, flashing and raving in its broken course, as if indignant at the remembrance of deeds once perpetrated there.

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CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER THE DEATH OF ALBINIAN IARINE LEAVES THE GOATHERD'S COTTAGE.

WHILE the daughters of Magnart were surrounded with festal pomp and pleasure, Iarine watched her father's dying bed, and, so deeply was her heart engaged by his wants and sufferings, that the season of Albinian's mortal sickness, with its slightly varied stages, its melancholy hopes and transient restorations, remained imprinted on her mind like a vivid chart, which the eye surveys at once all equally distinct and clear from the beginning to the end.

Just before his death, Albinian spoke of Maudra and Anthemmina; for in this time of natural decay his speech was wholly restored. "It was a fearful retribution," he said, "that she to whom I denied my hand and heart, (alas too hastily promised,) should be enabled to bewitch my spirit with an amorous infatuation, and afterwards my body with unnatural weakness. But O, the beauty of Anthemmina might have done away stronger traces from the heart than Maudra ever left on

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mine!" Iarine sighed, and still more sadly she felt when Albinian spoke further. "Weakly and wrongfully," he said, "I accepted the fair hand which a father offered me, and that gift brought after it a train of evils which clung to the receiver even after the gift itself had been taken away. Dorimant was in all her thoughts, Dorimant was in her nightly dreams: when, wrapped in slumber, she uttered the name of Dorimant, sleep deserted my pillow; one fatal image haunted the unloved husband and the regretful wife. But thou, Iarine, wast the child of that marriage; thy beauty brings only blessing and happiness; thou hast loved me here, and where I go thy love will follow me." While he spoke thus the old man's withered face began to expand and brighten, his mind being filled with the one only thought on which it could dwell with perfect complacency. He imagined blissful regions, where Maudra and Anthemmina could wreck his peace no more, where Iarine, with brave Karadan, who from boyhood had shown him reverence, might dwell for ever in his sight. But soon that vision faded, while sad remembrances and anticipations cast their deep shadows over his soul. Iarine saw that his countenance was disturbed, though no new words had been spoken, as a lake appears ruffled on the surface while not a breath of air is stirring abroad, and the valesmen imagine a wind under the waters. Albinian was thinking of Albinet, left in Glandreth's power, of

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his infant boy in the palace of Palmland, and, worse than all, of Iarine plighted to the son of Dorimant. "Father!" said the maid, reading part of his thoughts, "thy children have noble and brave defenders: me they may survive as well as thee, but while I tarry here below I will watch those children with a mother's care; and rich indeed will be my reward when I receive thy thanks hereafter, and hear thy sons declare that I faithfully discharged my trust!" These soothing images found no entrance to the spirit of Albinian; Dorimant and Anthemmina, Iarine and Phantasmion, linked together in eternal bliss! Alas! alas! earth had been a scene of sorrow to the dying man, and heaven, he feared, would be no heaven for him. He pressed the hand of his daughter, and, even while the dews of death stood on his forehead, his sunken eyes appeared to glow and be projected by the force of passion. "Promise to marry Karadan, thy dear mother's kinsman," he cried, with struggling utterance; "then I shall die in peace:" at that moment the unhappy maiden longed to die too, and dwell with both her parents in realms above. She remained silent, while tears flooded her cheeks, and her whole frame trembled. With a faint groan Albinian abandoned her gentle hand, and instantly afterwards he ceased to breathe. Iarine closed his eyes and kneeled beside the bed with her face bowed down in sorrow.

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She had remained for some time in this posture lost to all outward sights and sounds, when a well known voice roused her from abstraction, Iarine lifted up her eyes, dim with tears, and beheld the silver pitcher of Anthemmina gleaming in the light admitted by a narrow casement at one end of the rustic chamber. He who held it now advanced from the door, and she saw the dark face and slim figure of Karadan. "Is he dead?" cried the youth, gazing sorrowfully on the couch: "O, say not that he is gone for ever! I have here a blessed medicine, which the kind spirit has given me at my earnest prayer: I myself have felt its wondrous potency." "It comes too late!" replied the maid, with fresh-flowing tears: "charms and witcheries can have no power upon him now, for good or evil." "Woe is me!" exclaimed the youth, "it would have restored him to health and vigour! How long have I been wandering bewildered in this land of trees! O would that Feydeleen had shown me thy abode before!" "Many thanks to thee, Karadan!" exclaimed the damsel fervently; "thou hast ever loved and honoured my father!" Karadan wept, and stood looking with a countenance of grief on the face of Albinian; at last he said, in a low voice, "Thy father loved me too, and fain would have had me for a son. Were thou and I united in marriage, his spirit would be ever nigh to bless and to protect us." "O, Karadan!" replied Iarine, "with his dying voice he urged that

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suit; yet even now, could I restore him to life by granting it, the little word might not be spoken." Karadan remained silent for some time after Iarine had uttered these words, kneeling by the side of the bed; then he clasped his hands, and looking up, with a face of deep anguish, "Yes, yes!" he exclaimed; "it was fated long ago! I see that thou art never to be mine! Thou couldst not consent, even to bring back Anthemmina from exile!" Iarine gazed on Karadan, as if to read his meaning in his eyes, but soon the youth declared that meaning with solemn words and oaths. "Anthemmina yet lives!" he cried; "blame me not that I have concealed this truth till now: hereafter thou shalt know that I am blameless. Anthemmina did not sink beneath the waves, and I can guide thee to the coast, where Feydeleen last night shed balm upon her lonely pillow." Iarine stood rapt, with face upturned and arms outstretched, but motionless; her heart and brain seemed overborne by a multitude of thoughts and feelings which crowded on them at once; a thousand dreams were suddenly realized, and started up from the depths of memory into brilliant light. At last she clasped her hands and rushing to her father's side, "O wake again," she wildly cried, "to hear that my mother lives!" The eyes of him who lay on the couch were open, and he returned her eager gaze. Albinian was not dead: sense and breathing had feebly returned, and he had heard that she whom he had never ceased

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to love, was yet among the living. He beckoned to Karadan, who stood with eyes fixed on his in amazement. Karadan approached and kneeled by his side. Albinian looked at the maid, then at the youth, and pointed to the silver pitcher now standing on the floor. His lips moved, and Iarine knew, as she bent over her father, that he was entreating her to be the wife of Karadan, and to seek with him for Anthemmina. "Give me thy hand," cried the youth rising: then he whispered in Iarine's ear, "Satisfy the soul of Albinian, and thou shalt be freed from this tie by the time that thou beholdest Anthemmina." The maid no longer held back, but placed her hand in the hand of Karadan, and the youth, firmly grasping it, said aloud, "Thy daughter has betrothed herself to me, and death only can separate us." Iarine marked not the import of these words, her mind being wholly occupied with the change that came over her father's countenance immediately after they were spoken; for his face, though it wore a happy smile, was now again like the face of the dead. Karadan took the pitcher, and bedewed his body with the charmed liquor supplied by Feydeleen. The effect was marvellous: every wrinkle was removed, soft bloom overspread the cheek, and that body, so miserably wasted by sorrow and sickness, shewed like the corse of some fair and youthful person whose thread of life had been snapped by sudden accident. But this adorning was only for the tomb; Albinian's spirit had

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fled a moment after Iarine placed her hand in that of Karadan; the empty tenement looked meet to be inhabited, but the soul returned to it no more.

Long did Iarine linger over the corse of Albinian; but, when all hope was gone, having placed her father's remains in a coffin, she went with Karadan to lay them in a hollow among the rocks, where the goatherd promised they should remain in safety till they could be removed to a more august receptacle. That service performed, Iarine besought Karadan to fulfil his promise of conducting her to the abode of Anthemmina, and having mounted a mule, she bade her sorrowful host farewell with many tears, declaring that even when he should cease to be the guardian of her father's body every link would not be severed which bound her to him.

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CHAPTER XVII.

PHANTASMION VAINLY ATTEMPTS THE DESTRUCTION OF GLANDRETH, BUT, ENTERING THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, HE MEETS WITH ONE WHO ASSURES HIM OF VICTORY AND VENGEANCE.

PHANTASMION had hardly set foot in Gemmaura when his guardian spirit appeared before him. "Beware," she cried, "how thou proceedest in this district: the foe has been here before thee. Hast thou no remembrance of the country around?" Phantasmion replied that it scarcely seemed new to his eyes. "Not far from hence," rejoined Potentilla, "is the mansion where thy mother used to dwell with Cyradis, her guardian. After marriage Zalia loved to revisit the spot, and see her little son gambol in those green haunts where she herself had sported when a child; and here in her death-sickness she desired to be buried, feeling like one who longs to lie down in the old accustomed chamber. Her ancient friend survived till an hour ago, but Glandreth and his savage band have murdered him." Then Phantasmion cried aloud, and, flinging himself upon the ground, began to tear his bossy ringlets. "It was rumoured," said the Fairy, "that he pos-

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sessed a treasure, and was acquainted with rich mines. And so they pierced him with spears, on the tomb of his beloved pupil, which he daily visited; then digging into the ground, discovered no precious stones or metals, but thy mother's coffin, which they are even now carrying away into Palmland. For Glandreth declares that he will hold a solemn feast and burn the relics of Dorimant and Zalia, before all the people, as a sign that the old race of the Palmland kings is utterly abolished." Phantasmion now sprang from the earth, and, grasping Potentilla's robe, implored her either to end his life at once, or to give him the means of sudden vengeance. The Fairy made answer that she could devise but one way of helping him to that for which his soul thirsted, and this was a plan fraught with toil, hazard, and even abasement." Phantasmion exclaimed that he would do and be and suffer anything, if he might but stop his enemies in their outrageous career. "Then listen," she replied; "among the innumerable subjects of my insect realm is one which digs a pitfall in the sand. For nature has so constructed its unwieldly form that it walks backward, and has no other means of catching the nimble creatures which it preys upon. At the farther end of Gemmaura is a wide sandy plain: this thy enemies have to traverse ere they reach the luxuriant Valley of Palms, where their armed comrades are to meet them, and the festival is to be celebrated on the morrow. Thither thou

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shalt go, and, in the guise of that crafty insect, prepare a gulf large enough to swallow up Glandreth and all his murderous band when they arrive there." The youth embraced this offer, and, having received wings from Potentilla, rapidily followed her through the air, and alighted on a spot suitable for the undertaking, just before the entrance to the Vale of Palms. At a touch of the Fairy's wand his wings vanished, and, in the same point of time, every vestige of his human form disappeared. Led by a natural instinct he forthwith set to work, and traced out circle within circle in the sand, his new body and limbs being his only instruments. Labouring without stop he at length scooped out a deep cavity, of size proportioned to the gigantic form that wrought it; at the bottom of the snare the metamorphosed prince now took his seat, covering himself with sand, so that the upper part of his head with the points of his horrid fangs, which were like two reaping hooks crossed, alone remained visible; and, over the hollow, Potentilla wove a gummy web, on which, when finished, she strewed a light covering of dust and common soil.

By this time the sun was sinking in the west, and the last clump of spiral trees, which Glandreth's company passed on the margin of the desert, cast their lengthened shadows on the yellow sand. The leader had fallen back to the rear, and was deep in discourse with a chieftain, richly apparelled, to whom he was vaunting his triumphs, and describ-

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ing how he meant to rule the state of Palmland. Some way in advance were those that bore the remains of Zalia, and the younger men went riding on before. No sooner had these youthful warriors, who were mounted on prancing steeds, arrived at the sandy plain, than, for their own sport and that of their horses, they resolved on running a race. Their friends behind warned them to beware of the old quarries which lay on the right: but, confident and careless, off they started, avoiding those excavations only to fall into an equally destructive gulf. Within a few seconds of each other all arrived at the abyss which gaped to receive them. At the edge of it they rushed upon a loose bank of pebbles and sand, thrown up by the fabricator: against this the horses stumbled, and, losing their balance, fell headlong into the trap. The men behind wondered to see them suddenly disappear in the distance, and strained their eyes to look after them. It was quite dark ere the company that brought the coffin reached the pitfall, so that, leisurely as they came all rolled over the shelf and joined their comrades in the hollow. There the mingled crowd were lying crushed and mangled, with broken arms, legs, ribs, and sculls, some over their steeds and some under them, while those horses which still had power to move kicked and plunged and trode their masters to atoms. He who had dug the huge pit kept quietly at his post, somewhat oppressed by the weight of one man's body, nigh the centre of the

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gulf, but eagerly expecting the arrival of Glandreth. Glandreth however was destined to escape that snare. "The moon is not yet up," he cried to his men, "and we shall have a stream to cross in the Valley of Palms. Kindle the torches that we may see our way." The conquerer was obeyed, and, by the light which the flaming pine branches cast around them, he and his companions descried the heaped and the gaping pitfall. Seized with alarm and astonishment, Glandreth snatched one of the brands, and went with the rest to look down into the gulf, where he beheld a crowd of mangled bodies and heard the groans of the dying. Phantasmion plainly discerned his enemy, on whose horror-stricken visage the torch-light cast a fierce glare, gazing into the pit and narrowly eyeing the scythe-formed weapons of his head which stood out from the centre of it. Another face gleamed beside his, beneath a jewelled head-dress: it was that of treacherous Magnart, whom the indignant youth immediately recognized. After a while the two brothers and their attendants drew off toward the Vale of Palms, when with some difficulty, Phantasmion dragged himself out of his den, bringing up his mother's coffin along with him. He had been miserably bruised, and now feeling all eagerness to be divested of his hideous mask, would have cried aloud for the Insect Fairy, but found himself unable to utter any articulate sound. He looked about and saw not her whom he sought in

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woman's form, yet surmised that she must still be near him, because a large moth, having the figure of a scull depicted on the upper part of its body, kept flitting around his head, ever and anon uttering a shrill piteous cry, then sinking down beside him. "She deserted Dorimant!" thought he; "perhaps she will leave me also to my fate." But soon he keenly felt the wretchedness of being disabled either from facing his enemies or escaping from them by fleetness; when a band of soldiers armed with arrows and javelins, and lighted by torches, came to take the bodies of their companions out of the pit. One of them, looking over the plain, espied the monstrous form under which Phantasmion was disguised, lying stretched upon the sand. He pointed it out to the rest, who feared to approach, but from a distance discharged their missiles, many of which stuck like porcupine quills about the ungainly carcase, and caused the youth such anguish that he believed he should expire that night. "Miserable man that I am," he exclaimed, "or rather miserable spirit of a man, imprisoned in a frightful crust, to what dire extremity have I been driven by mad rage! I have cast away my human form and faculties only to perish unavenged by arrows from mine enemy's quiver!" Still dragging his mother's coffin he crawled along in hope to gain the shelter of some rocks, and there to find at once a death-bed and a sepulchre. The moon had now risen, and cast her light upon those rocks by the time that

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Phantasmion reached them; but exhausted with fatigue and pain he was unable to command the motions of his monstrous body, his eyes grew dim, he came unawares to the verge of a stone quarry, and moving backwards, lost his balance so that he tumbled to the bottom. Here, when he recovered, sense and motion, which his fall at first suspended, he found himself lying under a vault of stone, with large fragments of rock scattered on all sides. The moon cast her beams wherever they could find entrance amid the lumber of the quarry, and all around was an interchange of blackest shade and soft silver reflections. But the attention of the miserable transformed youth was drawn toward a darksome hollow, whence he heard low sounds proceed; and, after listening a little while, he distinguished two voices, one deep and sepulchral, the other slender and sweet as that of a solitary wren which pipes a faint strain when the blast is silent, and the sun shines on its cushion of snow. "Nevertheless, O save my son!" exclaimed that softer voice. It seemed as if the tones of the second speaker came from under ground, while those of the first descended through the air. "What have I to do with the son of Dorimant?" was the reply, "I have expiated my disobedience, great Spirit of the Earth?" rejoined the voice from above. "I perished through that mariage against which thou didst warn me." "What is Phantasmion to me?" again the Earth Spirit replied; "he hath a

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helper of his own: and even here, in my domain, she hath presumed to practise her witcheries?" "But thou hast triumphed, O Valhorga," the second speaker replied: "now therefore, I beseech thee, suffer Potentilla to restore my son." While Phantasmion listened to this colloquy, his soul was filled with indescribable tumults, and the silence that succeeded to the last words caused him the most agonizing suspense: he felt as if his strong emotions must rend and break to shivers that disproportioned case which lay on the earth, lumpish and uncouth as the half hewn stones around it. But now the hideous dream has vanished and once more Phantasmion stands erect in his own noble form, splendid as the palm trees, with their leaf-crowned heads and gorgeous clusters, graceful and majestic as the darker cypress. The first object that met his eye was Potentilla, whose wand had just wrought the change, flitting away in the air, her wings growing transparent, her head triagonal, and her whole body more and more minute, till she had changed into a dragon-fly, the gay colours of which twinkled for a moment in the moonlight, She is gone! but what pale shadowy form is that which occupies her place, and gazes with such melancholy tenderness on the renovated youth? Phantasmion looking intently before him remembers the fair and gentle countenance of his mother. An hour ago how ill could he have brought to mind the face of Zalia, that face which, ever beaming in his

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presence with maternal love, had been to his young mind the very symbol of maternity. Now he not only recognized her features, but saw his childish self placed outwardly before him. The time when he lay in sickness on his little couch, and saw that soft mild countenance still shining in betwixt delirious dreams, now occupied his mind with such intensity, that all which had since occurred seemed dim and faint in comparison; as when a distant moonlit building attracts the eye, all the intervening space looks indistinct and shadowy because that has been rendered so conspicuous. Filled with inexpressible yearning, Phantasmion leaned forward to embrace the form of Zalia; but ah! no living mother watches over him now, and she who has done him this maternal service is but an impalpable phantom. "Blessings on thee, my son!" whispered the spirit; "restore my bones to their resting place, and lay those of my ancient guardian in the same grave!" Phantasmion eagerly promised to obey, and then she related that Valhorga once made her mistress of those precious mines, the report of which induced Dorimant to marry her; that no sooner had she accepted his hand than the gift was withdrawn. While Phantasmion listened, darkness fell upon an opposite rock, which had reflected the full light of the moon from its humid front. He looked and saw what seemed to be the shadow of a giant, leaning forward from a recess hard by. "Dorimant could never find those mines," Zalia continued.

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"Alas! it was but iron and gold that he sought in seeking me! The Earth Spirit knew this and frustrated his purpose." "I too need metals!" exclaimed Phantasmion. "Come then!" his mother cried, "and I will show thee where veins of iron have lurked for ages, undisturbed by the hand of man." Phantasmion rejoiced at these words; but now he bethought him of Iarine, and, hoping that he might learn where she abode, from the kind spirit, he kneeled down, and, looking earnestly in her face, "Mother!" he said, "knowest thou her to whom I have given thy coronal, the daughter of Anthemmina?" As he uttered that name a mournful displeasure darkened Zalia's countenance, and her face, which hitherto had shone in the moonlight pure as a fleecy cloud, now appeared to be flecked with purple. "What means this fearful change, my mother?" exclaimed Phantasmion, "and O! why dost thou look so mournfully?" The shade of Zalia was silent; Phantasmion held up his hands in earnest supplication, but now his mother's form gleamed upon him no longer, and the moonbeams enlightened only the solid walls of the quarry.

A dawning sun tinged the landscape with its first pale beam, when Phantasmion heard the voice of the Earth Spirit calling him from underground:— "Son of Zalia! follow me!" it cried, "and thou shalt be avenged on Glandreth!" "Shall I leave the light of day!" thought the youth, "and venture below with one who may keep me there forever?"

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While Phantasmion hesitated, he heard a thundering sound, and at the same time the masses of rock and walls of stone began to quiver, as if seized with an ague. The tumult having subsided, he beheld an opening in the earth, and from that passage the voice of the Earth Spirit issued and spoke thus: "If thou wilt be avenged on Glandreth, follow me." Then Phantasmion thought that if Valhorga willed his destruction, he had but to shake the earth a little more forcibly, and straightway he must lie defaced and mangled among the fragments of the quarry. No sooner had he taken this resolve than hope led him onward, and all the dark images which fear had summoned were dissipated in the brightening atmosphere of his soul, like smoky fumes in the transparent ether. He entered the hollow way, and groped along, till the last faint glimmering of light had disappeared, and he stumbled in utter darkness. Awful noises now assailed his ears, and, as he proceeded, they grew louder and louder; but his courage never deserted him, he went right on, till the passage widened, and brought him to an open space with a firm but glassy footing. Here he groped a little way, then stopped, overcome by the seeming weight of darkness, and the utter vacancy on every side: when, at once, his eyes were attracted by sparks of light kindling in the blackness above, and soon myriads of fresh stars shone out. In another moment these fiery points shot upward, and swelled into volumes of

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flame, which disclosed the ruby lamps that held them, and a new heaven with gems and numberless constellations glittering over his head. Below that sapphirine dome, the ground was of jasper, embossed with a thousand flower-like jewels; and full in view were lakes of crystal, emerald groves, and towers and spires of diamond, which rose from a golden city, built on many hills, and stretched away in the distance far as eye could reach. Over against where he stood, at the entrance of this gemmy vale, which, by its over brightness, caused the eye to ache for milder daylight, Phantasmion beheld a swarthy and gigantic figure, leaning on an implement of iron; his limbs were muscular, his cheeks ploughed with furrows, and his eyes deep sunk beneath black beetling brows. "Valhorga!" exclaimed the youth, "it is not gold and jewels that I seek from thee, but brass and iron; give me sharp swords to pierce the impious hearts of my enemies, and let all thy brilliant possessions reflect no other light than that of these subterranean fires!" Valhorga's stern brow relaxed, and he smiled upon Phantasmion. "Thou shalt have iron and brass enough," said he, "to make thy armies glitter in the sun, like glaciers on the bosom of the mountain. Conduct them to the volcano behind the house of Malderyl, and there they shall be fitted out to encounter the troops of Glandreth." Phantasmion's heart exulted in this promise, but, casting his eyes around the sparkling scene, he be-

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held that stony likeness of a pomegranate tree, whence his mother's coronal had been taken; it grew beside a crystal lake, which reflected the sapphire vault, and stars of carbuncle and ruby, their flames appearing to quiver on its firm smooth face. Then Zalia's mournful image came back into his mind, and he besought Valhorga to explain the meaning of her sudden change. The Earth Spirit made reply: "Malderyl persuaded thy mother to taste poisonous berries, averring that they were sent by the Flower Spirit, and would render her beloved in the eyes of her neglectful spouse. Zalia still clings to the error which haunted her dying bed, and believes that Feydeleen sought her life for the sake of Anthemmina." Then Valhorga disclosed the ancient feud which had rendered Malderyl and Melledine bitter enemies, both to the house of Thalimer, and the race of Palmland, and Phantasmion found that Dariel, whose scarf he still wore across his bosom, was the brother of Ulander, and had been sent by the Tigridian queen to work his ruin.

This discourse inspired him with fresh desire to encounter his foes, and fresh hope that he should prevail against them ere long, by Valhorga's aid. The Spirit of the Storm he feared not. "Anthemmina's dying day," thought he, "is long since past, and her vow to serve Glandreth must have expired." With a joyful heart he quitted that sapphirine sky, and pursued another dark winding passage, till it led him up into the light of day. When he emerged,

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the sun was shining in meridian splendour, and he found himself in the midst of Penselimer's army, with the numerous bands of Gemmaurians and fugitives from Palmland, who had flocked around him. They had assembled on the sandy tract, and were greatly at a loss to know what had become of the young monarch, scouts having been sent on all sides to look for him in vain. Great was the astonishment of Penselimer when he beheld the earth gape a little way from the place where he stood, and Phantasmion come forth in helmet, shield, and breastplate of diamonds, which sparkled like icicles in the sunshine, though not to be melted by the hottest ray. "This jewelled armour," cried the king of Palmland, "is a pledge from Valhorga, the Spirit of the Earth: soon it shall be exchanged for a more serviceable suit, and every soldier of our numerous host shall receive the same harness as myself. Let us march to the volcanic mountain of Tigridia, there to be equipped for battle and victory." Acclamations rent the sky, after the silence of amazement which his first re-appearance occasioned: Phantasmion showed himself to his whole army in his brilliant array, so that all were inspired with confidence, and eager to start for the mountain of Malderyl. Phantasmion delayed their march, while he interred his mother's remains, with the body of her faithful guardian, in a secret, but honoured grave: those rites performed, the united armies set forth on their distant expedition.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

ARZENE WANDERS IN SEARCH OF KARADAN TO A BAY, WHENCE HE HAS JUST SET SAIL WITH IARINE.

"The spring returns, and balmy budding flow'rs
Revive in memory all my childish hours,
When pleasures were as bright and fresh, though brief,
As petals of the May or silken leaf.

But now when kingcups ope their golden eyes,
I see my darling's brighten with surprise,
And rival tints that little cheek illume
When eglantine displays her richest bloom.

Dear boy! thou art thy mother's vernal flow'r,
Sweeter than those she loved in childhood's hour,
And spring renews my earliest ecstasy,
By bringing buds and fresh delights for thee."

With tearful eyes Arzene murmured this song, and seemed to see the childish form of Karadan sporting before her, as when she sang it first. No one gave tidings of her son at the hamlet where she had spent the night, but the goatherd had expressed a belief, from inquiries which the youth made, that he and his fair companion were bound for the Tigridian coast, and thither she directed her steps. At mid-day she entered a sunny field, where the reapers were busy at work, and women

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were binding sheaves. There she sate below the shady fence to rest, and saw a little boy collecting corn poppies, which the sickle had cut down, while his sister was busy in gathering the scattered ears. "Idle child!" cried the laden girl, "what hast thou gleaned, I pray? will those gaudy flowers make bread?" "Bread for bees!" replied the urchin. "If thou art a busy bee, thou canst make bread of flowers." So saying, with a laugh he flung his posy at the chider's face, and a shower of the profitless blossoms fell down into her armful of corn. Arzene thought of her own playful Hermillian and young Arimel who loved to forestall womanhood, and step into her mother's place, till the golden crop and the bending groups swam through her tears, and, starting from her seat, she resolved forthwith to seek no more for him who scorned her anxious love, but return to her other children. In this mind she turned her face from the village, whither she had intended to proceed, and, having partaken of the reapers' fare, which they charitably offered, she travelled on in another direction till the day was far spent. Then, sitting down again to rest, she heard the wind sigh dolefully, and saw the black shadow of a tree on a smooth green slope wave slowly up and down. Arzene was thinking with deep sorrow of her truant son, and now she seemed to hear his voice, and to see his image reproaching her change of purpose. She arose, and again resolved to seek along the

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coast for Karadan. Scarce hoping to reach the sea that night, she journeyed, however, towards it, till she entered a field that was bathed in the clear melancholy sunshine, and contained a clump of dark holm oaks, about which a rivulet wound like a silver chain. Just across that brook, a shepherdess was sitting, while her flocks nibbled the green grass on its margin. Arzene would scarce have seen her among the trees, but the notes of her song, while the words were inaudible, came across the field to her ear, and she went up to the place where the maiden sate, with the intention of begging a shelter for that night. "Go on with thy sweet song," said Arzene courteously, when the damsel rose at her approach: "I will sit beside thee on this fallen log." The shepherdess renewed her melody, and these were the words of her song:

Full oft before some gorgeous fane
The youngling heifer bleeds and dies;
Her life-blood issuing forth amain,
While wreaths of incense climb the skies.

The mother wanders all around,
Through shadowy grove and lightsome glade;
Her foot-marks on the yielding ground
Will prove what anxious quest she made.

The stall where late her darling lay
She visits oft with eager look:
In restless movements wastes the day,
And fills with cries each neighbouring nook.

She roams along the willowy copse,
Where purest waters softly gleam:
But ne'er a leaf or blade she crops,
Nor crouches by the gliding stream.

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No youthful kine, though fresh and fair,
Her vainly searching eyes engage ;
No pleasant fields relieve her care
No murmuring streams her grief assuage.

The words of this song struck painfully on the sad mother's heart. Her face was bathed in tears, and, while she drooped forward, absorbed in bitter thought, the light-hearted shepherdess gathered her flock, and went away. After awhile, Arzene remembered that she had not where to take her rest that night, and strove to overtake the damsel, but, having followed her for some time, she became exhausted, and laid her down to sleep in a waste field. The sun had just risen, and turned the dew drops around Arzene's bed into diamonds, when Karadan entered the field where his mother slept. From the top of a lofty mullein a goldfinch piped beside her, and soon his new-fledged offspring, led by their other parent, alighted on tall plants around, buoyantly swaying back and forward as they pecked the winged seeds. Arzene saw not the gleeful group: in dreams she had wandered back to her own deserted little ones, and knew not, that he for whose sake she had left them was weeping over her. While the youth still gazed on his mother's face, Iarine came beside him. He started, and would have drawn her away. "Come," he said, in a low voice, "our path lies yonder. I bade thee wait till I had explored this field." But Iarine had recognized the features of her who slept, and wondering much at the behaviour of Karadan; "Wilt

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thou leave thy mother alone in this strange land?" she said. Anguish was depicted on his face, but he answered firmly, "We must leave Arzene, or thou mayst forego all hope of beholding Anthemmina." "She is come in search of thee from her distant home," said the maid; "wilt thou not stay till she wakes, and tell her thy purpose?" "Then it would never be effected," Karadan replied. "Take thy choice; return with Arzene, or seek Anthemmina." Iarine looked at the youth's countenance of woe, and guessed that if the mother beheld her son, she would never suffer him to pursue his journey. With a sorrowful heart she quitted the field, accompanied Karadan to the sea-shore, and there remained in a fisherman's hut, while he went in quest of a vessel. But Iarine knew only that she was to await the youth's return: for so strict a silence had he kept, and enjoined on her, concerning their errand, that she knew not whether her mother's abode were to be approached by sea or land.

After some hours he returned, placed her on the mule, and, holding the reins, led it by rugged paths over a ridge of rocks, from the top of which Iarine beheld a skiff anchored in a little bay. Still carefully guiding the mule, Karadan descended, and soon he had entered the vessel with his companion. "Does the wind blow favourably?" inquired the maid, as she helped him to unfurl the sails. She heard not the reply, but a gurgling sound of laugh-

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ter issued from under the waves, circling all round the vessel, and prolonged by a succession of fainter and fainter echoes. As a pebble, thrown by a dexterous hand, repeatedly touches the water, then sinks out of sight, even so the sounds were many times renewed till they died into silence. Iarine looked aghast, but heard no comment on that ill-boding mirth from her companion, whose countenance did not regain its gloomy composure ere the skiff had cleared the bay. Smoothly then it sailed, till land was again in sight, and Iarine's countenance glowed, while that of Karadan became livid as a corse. On a sudden, however, an impetuous gale arose, and drove back the vessel from the point toward which the melancholy helmsman was steering: having impelled it far into mid-ocean the wind relented, but rose again as often as the skiff approached the shore. Karadan knew what power was frustrating his efforts, and, in a presentiment of this delay, had stored the ship with provisions. The damsel prayed that the elemental strife might cease, but Karadan would have rejoiced could this state of things have lasted for ever.

Meantime Arzene tarried in the creek whence her son had sailed, vainly expecting his return. Scarce had the youth and maiden left the field where she lay, than the deserted mother awoke, and saw Feydeleen weeping by her side. "Why weepest thou, fair one?" Arzene cried; "Shall I never again behold his face?" "Thou shalt behold his face

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again," the mild spirit answered; but still the tears were trickling from her soft blue eyes upon the flowery sod. "Where shall I find him?" exclaimed Arzene. Feydeleen replied, "Not far from hence there is a narrow bay, encircled by rocks, where a hermit dwells nigh the sea shore. There, after some days, thou shalt behold thy son. When that time comes I will again be with thee, and will bring my choicest gifts to preserve him from all future harm." The spirit vanished, and Arzene, going to the sea shore, learned from an old man who dwelt in a cave of the rock, that a youth and damsel had lately sailed from the narrow bay in a skiff brought from another part of the coast. Confiding in Feydeleen's assurance, she took up her abode with the hermit, and, from morn till eve, continued to watch the restless ocean, oft reverting in thought to this strain, which had been sung in happier days amid the blooming bowers of Polyanthida.

See yon blithe child that dances in our sight!
Can gloomy shadows fall from one so bright?
Fond mother, whence these fears?
While buoyantly he rushes o'er the lawn,
Dream not of clouds to stain his manhood's dawn,
Nor dim that sight with tears.

No cloud he spies in brightly glowing hours,
But feels as if the newly vested bowers
For him could never fade:
Too well we know that vernal pleasures fleet,
But having him, so gladsome, fair, and sweet,
Our loss is overpaid.

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Amid the balmiest flowers that earth can give
Some bitter drops distil, and all that live
A mingled portion share;
But, while he learns these truths which we lament,
Such fortitude as ours will sure be sent,
Such solace to his care.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE ALLIED FORCES ARE EQUIPPED WITH ARMOUR IN THE HEART OF THE VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN.

WHILE Phantasmion was conducting his forces through Tigridia, Malderyl sate in her ancient tower full of angry thoughts. After the murder of Dorimant's queen, as she traversed Gemmaura in her chariot, she had fallen into the power of the Earth Spirit. But Valhorga, who hated Dorimant, released the witch that she might accomplish her projects against him: at the same time he gave her two dwarfs, endowed with wondrous powers, intending on a future occasion, to fetch both her and them into slavery. Malderyl despatched an emissary to Palmland, who planted so many sweet but baleful herbs in Dorimant's domain, that the honey of the bees was infected with it, and the king, regaling himself thereon, was poisoned. But Phantasmion was now beyond the reach of her vengeful arm, while Zelneth and Leucoia, whom she once hoped to enslave, had both escaped her snares. Swartho crouched at the queen's feet, grinning maliciously as he viewed her knitted brows; for he knew that Valhorga had espoused the cause of Zalia's son,

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and that soon he should return to serve his ancient master.

That evening Malderyl went forth to visit the ancient castle where Phantasmion last beheld Oloola. Gloomy thoughts possessed her soul as she ascended the tower whence her husband and her son, by Glandreth's command, had been cast upon the flag-stones below. There she stood, while the twilight was deepening into darkness, and saw the ghosts of Helmio and Sylvalad fluttering about the parapet, and beckoning, with earnest gesticulations, as if they invited her to throw herself down. She watched them till her head grew dizzy, and she almost felt tempted to obey the summons. Their motions were like those of swallows teaching their young to fly. One after another, each gleaming ghost would perch on the battlements, a little way off, look eagerly towards her, then plunge into the court beneath. As they flitted away in a curving line, both swept by Malderyl, looked in her face reproachfully, and pointed to the horizon, just as the moon, emerging from clouds, cast a clearer light upon the landscape, and enabled her to descry an army encamped upon the plain. Then back she hied to her house upon the hill, and commanded Swartho to raise pictures on the wall, and show her what was coming. He obeyed, but when she looked to have seen chariots and horses, and men in armour, mockery flames quivered around, and she stood in the midst of a seeming furnace. Malderyl shrieked, and, rushing

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forth, beheld the mountain crested with fire. Twice did a pyramid of flame burst forth from a lofty eminence above the mansion, twice it sank back, as if sucked in by a mighty force: the third time it remained, a steady blaze, which made the moon and stars appear to shine in vain. As fast as her tottering limbs could carry her she descended the skirt of the hill, and would have made her way through a plantation of firs and pines, but started when suddenly she beheld all the trees before her glowing with fire, the trunks and branches and every needle leaf appearing red hot. Meantime, with a crash like thunder, the ancient mansion was levelled with the ground. Torrents of fire gushed down the ravines above, and Malderyl saw that she must soon be overtaken by the flames. Again she looked at the plantation of firs, thinking to rush through the midst of it; but in front of that fiery grove stood the towering form of Valhorga, whose wild locks and rugged cheeks looked awful in the glare of the conflagration. "Fear not the flames, Malderyl," he said, with a grim smile; "thou shalt ply thy burning tasks unhurt." So saying, he touched her with his iron mace, when she became fire-proof, and seeing that she was now condemned to endless toil in the bowels of the earth, she repented not having thrown herself down from the tower, that her spirit might wander at large with the ghosts of Helmio and Sylvalad. She followed Valhorga through the glowing pine grove, and at the other end of it

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beheld the army, which she had seen at a distance, approaching the volcano, while Phantasmion, radiant with diamonds, led them on. They had descried the conflagration, and believing it to be a signal from Valhorga, resumed their march at midnight. And this was not the only host which the light of those flames had attracted: from the woods of Nemorosa came Ulander, conducting his troops of tiger hunters, clad in shaggy skins, and armed with bows, arrows, and javelins.

Valhorga waved his hand, and the flames, which looked like a billowy sea, now rolled away, curling upwards to the top of the mountain, and there forming a fiery coronal. By the light of that blaze Phantasmion beheld a vaulted passage, occupying the place where Malderyl's mansion had stood. He beckoned to Phantasmion, and, as the youth followed him through the avenue, which received light from within, he heard a chaos of sounds, and soon entered a vast cavern hollowed out in the heart of the mountain. At the farther end was a huge hill of fire, whence smoke and flame rose up through a chimney that formed the crater of the volcano. Innumerable swarthy labourers were ranged in this vast smithy, row within row: one company softened the blocks of metal, then quenched them in vessels of water; another fashioned them on the anvil; every process in the formation of armour was going on, and every thing used in war was made in this workshop. The roaring of the flames and bellows,

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the hissing of the metal when plunged in water, the clattering and jingling of hammer and anvil, produced a din which almost deafened the ears of Phantasmion. Malderyl took her place among the toiling crew, and helped to make the shield which was afterwards worn by the son of Derimant. As fast as the suits were made ready, the bands of warriors entered to fit them on, and, ere the morning dawned, they were all equipped except Ulander. For he had espied Malderyl, as she followed her master into the cavern, and, guessing that her time of punishment was come, felt loth to witness it. The whole throng of artificers had withdrawn to the haunts whence the Earth Spirit had summoned them, and Phantasmion was the only warrior that remained in the mighty dome. At one end of the cavern Valhorga leaned against a rock, resembling the gigantic effigies which some nations carve in the sides of mountains. "Why does Ulander tarry?" cried the king of Palmland, as he looked at the shield of one last suit which Malderyl was polishing. "Ay! why does Ulander tarry?" repeated Valhorga, with a stern voice; "tell him that his armour is finished, and that he must fetch it, ere it be too late." But now the Nemorosan chief appeared entering the cavern, and soon began to doff the tiger's hide which he wore on his shoulders. The ancient queen arose when she saw her kinsman; and laying hold of his garment, besought him, for his father's sake, to procure a miti-

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gation of her doom. Then Phantasmion, at Ulander's entreaty, besought Valhorga that Malderyl might be permitted to die, and join the shades of Helmio and Sylvalad. The Earth Spirit smiled carelessly, and answered, "Be it as thou wilt." Malderyl, having heard these words, sprang into the midst of the blazing fire, when the flames rose up around her, and she looked like an image of bronze which they blackened but vainly attempted to destroy. Valhorga touched her with his mace, then down she sank upon her fiery bed and was consumed in an instant. While they yet gazed on the flames the warriors heard a strange unnatural sound, that seemed to express pain or grief, and, looking about, they espied Swartho in a corner of the cavern, his bright eyes gleaming like jewels set in rusty iron. Though sorely oppressed by the heat, he had lingered behind all the other slaves to see what would be done with Malderyl, and was grieved to the heart that she should escape the insults by which he had hoped to repay her former tyranny. Ulander, recollecting his treatment of Leucoia, was about to pierce the livid breast of the dwarf with the spear he had just received; but Phantasmion, laying hold of his arm, bade him beware how he touched a servant of Valhorga, whose mighty form was yet visible in a recess of the cavern. Then the two chiefs issued forth into the daylight, and beheld the united armies ranged upon the plain, their burnished armour shining coldly in the light of the newly-risen sun.

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CHAPTER XX.

IARINE FINDS HER MOTHER IN THE SEQUESTERED PENINSULA.

WHILE Phantasmion and his allies were conducting their armed force to Rockland, driving along with them troops of sheep and kine formerly plundered from the land of Palms, and followed at a distance by a train of wolves and tigers, which seemed ready to brave any danger for the sake of obtaining a share in the booty, Karadan still contended with the impetuous gale. At length it sank and was no more renewed; the voyagers gained the coast, and silence reigned on sea and land while the dark youth placed Iarine on the beach. He told her how she was to find the dwelling of Anthemmina, and tears streamed from the maiden's eyes when he declared that she must seek it alone. "Farewell!" cried Karadan, passionately; a ray of joy, at sight of those tears, brightening his sad face. "More than betrothed thou canst not be to any one but him who owns this charmed vessel, and thou hast been betrothed to me!—Alas! that wreath upon thy brow!—When next we meet may it be there no longer! Then thou wilt know that

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I have ventured for thy sake as he who gave that pledge will never dare to do." Sorrowful indeed was the parting of Iarine and Karadan, while each had a heart full of the gloomiest forebodings; but little did either suspect what worse calamity awaited the other. Karadan stood at the vessel's prow and watched the maiden, hurrying with tremulous feet, along the rocky coast; again and again she turned to wave her hand, and beheld him still keeping his station; at last she disappeared, and her garment, fluttering behind her, vanished out of sight. Then Karadan fastened the pitcher securely to his body, steered away his skiff into the deep water, and, looking to the sky, beheld, just dawning into view, a winged form, which, since he first beheld it, had a thousand times been present to his nightly slumbers. He waited not to see the dreaded shape more fully revealed, but plunged into the waves and perished, the charmed vessel remaining still bound to a heart which fear and love could agitate no longer.

Unconscious of his miserable fate Iarine pursued her way to Anthemmina's abode. No living creature met her eye as she hastened on amid sickly herbage or blighted bushes, and the sky wore a leaden hue even more melancholy than that of the plain. Once she looked up and beheld a flight of swallows, which soon descended, like a shower of dappled stones, and lay dead on the ground before her. The farther she advanced the more pining and

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desolate the face of nature appeared. Beyond the cliffs of the shore she journeyed over a perfectly level plain, and, after a time, the turrets of a solitary dwelling came within view amid the tops of spiral cypresses. Just such a landscape Iarine had beheld in mournful dreams, and she hurried on, hoping by quick motion to escape the sad feelings which the scene re-awakened. After passing a collection of low mounds like graves, she gained the cypress wood, and, advancing through it, soon found herself in front of that mansion which she had seen at a distance. The door stood open, and Iarine entered, but no one greeted her at the threshold. She traversed many empty apartments, all such as would have befitted a palace; they were decorated with black marble and costly hangings, but the colours of the drapery had fled, while the ornaments and utensils around were tarnished and rusty. She visited a small chamber which contained a bed, hoping to find some tokens of living inhabitants; the bed was occupied, the body of an old man being laid out there, and branches of cypress mixed with yew arranged over the head of the corse. This solemn sight assured Iarine that some one yet survived in the house or its neighbourhood. She retraced her steps, quitted the mansion, and, having crossed the grove that extended behind it, descried two figures, standing beside a boundless sheet of sluggish, lurid water. On she went, and beheld a stately lady all hung over with blue garlands of star-shaped blossoms, her long

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black tresses floating wide, and her head and neck adorned with strings of pearl. An aged woman, who held a basket, seemed to be contending with her, while she persisted in throwing cakes of bread afar into the marsh with an air of sullen fierceness: her companion, having tried in vain to stop her hand, let fall the empty basket, and crossed her arms in all the tranquillity of settled despair.

On Iarine's approach the woman in humble apparel turned about and looked at her in astonishment; but the majestic lady continued to gaze upon the marsh. The maiden felt unable to speak, but, perusing her face with deep anxiety, felt assured that she beheld her mother. The outline of her form and features was grandly beautiful; but her cheeks were white as wax, her blue eyes spectrally bright, and her delicate arms and fingers wasted to the bone. There was something wild and ghastly in her countenance, and strangely it was contrasted with that of her companion, who seemed benumbed by misery, but not bewildered. "Who art thou?" said the feeble creature, "and why hast thou come hither to see us perish, and to perish thyself when we are gone?" "Art thou not Dorna, my mother's nurse?" replied the damsel, "and is not this Anthemmina, the wife of Albinian?" "Woe is me! thou sayest true," replied the aged woman; "and surely thou art the sweet Iarine, whom this wretched lady left in the Palace of Rockland, when she quitted it never to return." All this time Anthem-

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mina remained with her eyes fixed upon the stagnant water, speechless and motionless. The damsel related who she was, and how she had come to that coast, tenderly addressing her mother, but obtaining not a word, nor even a single glance, in return; till at last she took her hand and implored her to break this fearful silence. Then she who was so gaily bedecked looked up, and, beholding the wreath of jewelled flowers, gazed at it with an astonished countenance. "Zalia!" she cried at length, her eyes kindling with frenzy; "art thou come instead of Dorimant?" Then, with a wild shriek, she snatched the chaplet from the maiden's brow, and trampled it under her feet. Heart-stricken and overpowered, Iarine sank upon the ground, at the feet of the once gentle and captivating Anthemmina. She had found her mother, but alas! in what state! Here was the goodly fabric, to outward view still perfect: all the wondrous materials were yet in being, but the springs within had failed and the whole was a wreck.

"We are starving!" Dorna cried; "no fresh provisions have been sent us for many months, and our last remnant of food now lies in yonder marsh. Alas! my mistress feels no trouble concerning things like these. Sorrow and the noxious vapours of this pool have turned her brain, and daily she decks herself, as when she first came hither, still expecting to be visited by Dorimant, king of Palmland." "How came she hither?" Iarine exclaimed. "By

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the arts of Glandreth," Dorna answered; "a storm drove our vessel to this desolate coast, but that storm was raised by Glandreth's power. In those days the wicked chief was enamoured of my mistress, and, I doubt not, beguiled her with feigned tales, saying that Queen Zalia was near her end, and that, when she died, Dorimant would carry her into Palmland. So she trusted herself with him, and, never consenting to become his wife, has remained his wretched captive. I will tell thee more while we repair to the beach: let us go in haste lest thy conductor should sail away." "He bade me return to my own country by land," replied the maiden; "saying that this peninsular could scarce be a day's journey from the chief palace of Rockland." "If he is gone we must all perish!" Dorna replied; "there is no passage hence by land. The place is separated from Rockland and Tigridia by this vast marsh, the exhalations whereof are so baleful that any birds which attempt to wing their way high in the air above it are sure to perish. All our household have died, one after another, of lingering maladies; the last survivor expired yesterday, and strength will fail me, I fear, to dig his grave." During this discourse Anthemmina sate upon the ground, weaving a fresh garland, and sometimes raising her head to cast sullen glances at the unhappy maid. Dorna hied away to the sea shore, hoping yet to hail Karadan's vessel, while Iarine stood beside her mother absorbed in silent grief.

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CHAPTER XXI.

PHANTASMION AND HIS ALLIES JOIN BATTLE WITH GLANDRETH IN THE VALLEY OF THE BLACK LAKE.

STRUCK with consternation at sight of the united army the people of Rockland had offered no resistance, but had forthwith despatched messengers to Glandreth, and while Phantasmion was gazing on the Island where Iarine used to dwell, it was announced that the conqueror was about to enter the valley of the Black Lake with his victorious forces. Soon afterwards the foremost bands of the enemy were descried at a distance, and were hailed by the men of Palmland with this chant:

Their armour is flashing
And ringing and clashing,
Their looks are wild and savage!
With deeds of night
They have darken'd the light,
They are come from reckless ravage!
O bountiful Earth,
With famine and dearth,
With plague and fire surround them;
Thy womb they have torn
With impious scorn;
Let its tremblings now confound them!
Our cause maintain.
For as dew to the plain,

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Or wind to the slumbering sea,
Or sunny sheen
To woodlands green,
So dear have we been to thee.

The new-blown flowers,
From thy fairest bowers,
Their rifling hands have taken;
And the tree's last crop,
That was ready to drop,
From the dews have rudely shaken;
Through deep green dells,
Where the bright stream wells,
Like diamond with emerald blending;
Through sheltered vales,
Where the light wind sails,
High cedars scarcely bending;
Through lawn and grove,
Where the wild deer rove,
They have rush'd like a burning flood;
For mornings beam,
Or the starry gleam,
Came fire, and sword, and blood.

Then lend us thy might,
Great Earth, for the fight,
O help us to quell their pride:
Make our sinews and bones
As firm as the stones,
And metals that gird thy side;
May the smould'ring mountains,
And fiery fountains
Inflame our vengeful ire,
And beasts that lurk
In thy forests murk,
Their tameless rage inspire;
While from caves of death
Let a sluggish breath
O'er the spoilers' spirits creep,
O send to their veins
The chill that reigns
In thy channels dark and deep.

But if those we abhor
Must triumph in war
Let us sink to thy inmost centre,

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Where the trump's loud sound,
Nor the tramp and the bound,
Nor the conqueror's shout can enter;
Let mountainous rocks
By earthquake shocks,
High o'er our bones be lifted;
And piles of snow
Where we sleep below,
To the plains above be drifted;
If the murderous band
Must dwell in the land,
And the fields we loved to cherish,
From the land of calm
Let cedar and palm
With those that rear'd them perish.

Phantasmion knew so well how the land lay in this mountainous region that Penselimer desired him to take the lead in all orders and dispositions of war: he had already shown the herdsmen how they might drive their bleating and lowing troops across the hills into Palmland, and he now joyfully proceeded to marshal the allied armies and conduct them to the most advantageous post. Flanked by the lake and its deep banks on one side, and on the other by a woody brow, they were soon drawn out in order of battle; the long winding files were quickly transformed to squares, clothing every inch of green turf and purple heather with brass and steel as fast as a painter's brush invests a pannel with new colours. The ground covered by the front line rose gradually at either end, toward the lake and toward the mountain, so that the troops were ranged in form of a semicircle. The centre of the van was occupied by Phantasmion with his

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light Gemmaurian cavalry, whose helmets were surmounted with carbuncles representing ruddy flames; but the young monarch's own crest was of diamonds, and displayed the figure of a damsel holding a pitcher. The Nemorosan spearmen were placed on either wing, Ulander commanding the division flanked the hill. His foresters wore casques crested with the grim visage of a gaping tiger. The king of Almaterra divided his large force into two squadrons, taking charge himself of that which held the middle ground, while Delmorin, son of Sanio, commanded the rear. Some companies of archers, wearing stag's horns on their helmets, were posted by Phantasmion among fir trees on the slope of the hill, where fan-shaped branches, growing close to the ground, kept them in ambush, though now and then their sylvan crests peeped out amid the leaves.

Meantime Glandreth was rapidly advancing and filling the plain opposite to that narrower space which Phantasmion's front line occupied, and which looked like the contracted girth of the valley. His force appeared innumerable, and had been swollen by accessions from Palmland, together with certain well ordered battalions brought by traitorous Magnart, whom the mighty promises and mysterious hints of Glandreth had persuaded to strengthen the strong cause, and desert that of Albinet. The chief now sate beside his brother in a stately car which preceded the army, and listened to his talk with deep attention; Glandreth pointed to the sky,

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and Magnart seemed more bent on watching the appearances there than on surveying the ground and the enemies' array of battle. The aspect of that well accoutred host, reflecting a bright sun from burnished armour, was indeed, an unwelcome surprise to the mighty general; and, though his own was still more numerous, he could not hope to surround and overpower his opponents with multitudes of horse, by reason of their having secured so advantageous a position. Nevertheless, Glandreth was free from even a shadow of dread, and beheld the furious onset of his foes, when the battle began, without concern; for it was not in sword and buckler, nor in stout hands and hearts, that he reposed his trust; he had summoned other powers to his aid, and a dark massy cloud which followed his course, or paused with him, right over his head, while the cope of heaven around was crystal clear, assured him of victory.

Phantasmion saw that cloud and his heart was troubled; seen indeed it must needs have been by every one present, but he of all the assembled multitude alone surmised that it was aught more than a collection of vapours, he alone imagined that it contained such an ally of Glandreth as no mortal power might withstand. Perplexing conjectures engrossed his mind; he thought of Oloola's doubtful conduct at former junctures; he strove to think that she was no real enemy to his cause; he believed that Anthemmina's dying day was long

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since passed; yet why did that black cloud continue to hover above the head of Glandreth, and what did it portend? While the other chiefs, animated with the most confident hopes, were performing feats of valour, Phantasmion's brow was overcast, and, for a little while, the buoyancy and ardour of his temperament appeared to have forsaken him.

Soon, however, the young monarch roused himself from anxious speculation, and led on the troops with all his wonted energy. Phantasmion eagerly desired to encounter Glandreth; but lo! the chieftain, conspicuous by his long white plume and lofty stature, resigns the command to Magnart, who leads the vanguard, and, retiring from the fight, ascends a bare rock, just apart from the conflict, whence he obtains a full view of the hills above and of the plain beneath. Triumphantly from that eminence he cast his eyes around, having reason to believe that, in a few moments, every object he beheld would be absolutely subjected to his power. Below where he stood were the contending armies, the flashing of armour, the tramp of horses, the clang of sword and shield. On the green hill side he observed the numerous sheep and herds which now belonged to his adversaries: with scarce perceptible motion they were stealing onward, while ever and anon their conductors turned about to look upon the field of combat.

Part of the flocks had already disappeared, having wound their way into a rocky gorge, while

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the rest were following. Glandreth's heart swelled with scornful exultation as he looked upon them. "Now," thought he "ere those flocks are out of sight the plunderers shall have felt my power; at one stroke I will change the scene, and my enemies shall be crushed for ever." At this moment success appeared inclining toward the less numerous army; Magnart had fallen by the hand of Phantasmion, and his body was trampled under foot by the throng; Penselimer, with his heavy armed troops, powerfully supported the Gemmaurian cavalry; and the archers placed behind the fir trees, like a herd of armed deer, came rushing down to attack the enemy in flank. Glandreth beheld Phantasmion, after he had given Magnart his death blow, pressing onwards and striving to win his way to the place where he stood. Then he lifted up his glittering blade and shouted, "Come on, Phantasmion!" The rocks were still resounding that cry, when a far different echo came from the cloud over his head. "Phantasmion!—Phantasmion!—Come on, Phantasmion!" was uttered from above in a tone more shrill and piercing than that of the chieftain, more like the sound of the wind than that of any human voice; it prevailed over the din of battle; every ear heard it; every eye was fixed on the black mass, and every weapon was suspended. But the dense pitchy cloud remained unchanged and motionless, and had a preternatural appearance alone in the pure blue sky.

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Phantasmion gazed at it, as he listened with awe but not with terror to that aerial challenge; an eye of intense light now became visible in the centre of the darkness; it grew and spread till he seemed for a moment to perceive the indistinct lineaments of a dazzling face, and at the same time, a hand glanced forth and beckoned him. Feelings akin to frenzy possessed the young warrior at that sight; he resolved to know his fate, and not to die without having essayed at least to punish the iniquitous transgressor; he spurred his horse, and began to drive right onward through the ranks, which made way before him. Then once more Glandreth raised his sword, and pointed to Phantasmion, while he cast up his face to the sky, and called upon Oloola. The call was heard; a gush of lightning burst from the cloud, quivered adown the uplifted blade, and clothed, as with a robe of fire, the mailed body of Glandreth. A moment he stood enveloped in flames; the blasted corse then tumbled from the rock, and, just as Phantasmion arrived, rolled down at the feet of his courser.

No noisy peel followed this vengeful lightning: no cry was uttered at the fall of Glandreth; silence was in the sky, amid the mountains, and on the motionless lake, and the armed multitudes, lately engaged in the turmoil of conflict, were still as the stones and rocks. Arrow-shaped particles of innocuous flame were diffused around; each combatant beheld them gliding over the polished helm and

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breastplate of his neighbour, and all fell terror-stricken with their faces to the earth. Phantasmion alone was exempted from the blinding glare; silent, yet calm, he sate on his unmoving steed, which hung his head, and, like all living things around, seemed stupified with amazement. Unappalled he sate, his head thrown back to gaze on the dark cloud, which slowly ascended and gradually brightened, as if some luminous body within were eating away its coal-black shroud. That shroud became thinner and thinner, revealing more and more of a winged form, till at last when it was perfectly trasparent, the floating locks and outspread pinions of Oloola, ere she disappeared in the upper sky, were dimly visible.

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CHAPTER XXII.

ANTHEMMINA DIES IN THE PRESENCE OF IARINE AND PHANTASMION.

PHANTASMION was still gazing upward, when he discerned in the sky that angelic vision which first made him long to soar aloft; at the same time a well known voice whispered in his ear, "Come, and find Iarine." Then he felt himself enabled to quit the earth, and, rising buoyantly into the air, pursued Iarine's image over hill and dale. But when at last the apparition melted away, he saw his guardian Fairy flitting on before him; swiftly they traversed the Land of Rocks, passed the Diamanthine Palace, and flew above the waves till they descried an empty vessel drifting about at random. Phantasmion followed Potentilla when she entered the skiff, and no sooner had they alighted on the deck than the pinions of both disppeared, and the Fairy, sitting at the helm, appeared like some ancient pilot. "In this boat," she said, "Karadan conducted Iarine to the place of her mother's exile: in this boat thou shalt bear Iarine away, but death alone can release Anthemmina." The Fairy then disclosed what Oloola's power had long forced her to conceal,

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how Albinian's first queen had been tempted by Glandreth, how she came to the Lost Land which was cut off from the neighbour countries by an impassable marsh, and shunned by seafarers on account of fearful traditions and predictions connected with its name. "On that dreary coast she roamed," continued Potentilla, "till at length every cloud, which hung about the sun's globe and steeped its fleece in splendour, seemed growing into the likeness of Dorimant, every changeful mist that rose from the wave seemed about to take his form. Thus she fared till not a vestige of her former being remained but that one miserable dream. Glandreth meant to have sailed with fresh provisions the day after the battle; but Anthemmina, in frenzy, had cast the scanty remnant into the water, and by hastening the day of her death released Oloola from a vow long repented of: thus was she enabled to punish the wickedness of Glandreth, and thus hath his cruelty recoiled on his own head." "But Karadan?" inquired the youth, while the skiff went forward with a favourable breeze, "how knew he where to find Iarine's mother?" "Karadan," she replied, "was visiting his fair young cousin in the Land of Rocks, when Glandreth laid his plan for carrying off the queen. By way of a childish frolic, he hid himself in the lower part of the ship, and remained unseen by the chieftain till he was about to sail away from the peninsula. Then coming forward, he fearfully exclaimed, 'Where is the queen? O where

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is all the crew? Thou wilt not leave them on this barren coast?' While he spoke thus, Oloola made herself manifest in thunder and lightning: his young spirit was filled with terror, and he took solemn oaths never to reveal Anthemmina's abode. 'The day that any one through thee finds this peninsula,' said Glandreth, 'that day will be the last of thy life.' Karadan knew not that at the very hour when he brought Iarine thither, Oloola was released from her vow to Glandreth, and free to serve him whom she had ever loved since first she saw him on the mountain's top." "And the silver pitcher?" exclaimed Phantasmion. "That was stolen from the hapless queen by Seshelma," replied the Fairy, "and afterwards transferred to Karadan, who knew that Iarine's fate depended on it, and was beguiled by the waterwitch to hope that she might in the end be his." "But O, where is it now?" the youth eagerly demanded. Potentilla replied not, but pointed to the coast of the peninsula, where Dorna was joyfully hailing the vessel. Phantasmion gained the shore, and, guided by the aged woman, crossed the bleak waste which his betrothed maiden had lately traversed; then, hurrying through the cypress grove, he came in sight of the marsh, just as the sun was throwing a red gleam over that livid pool, in which, on the far horizon, he seemed ready to sink and quench his flaming tiara. When he had passed the wood, Phantasmion stopped and beheld Iarine kneeling beside her mother, who lay on the margin

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of the lake, and seemed nigh unto death. Now that life was waning, her senses had fully returned. She had recognized her sweet Iarine, and they had wept together; could such tears have rained upon her blighted cheek before they might have kept away a fatal malady. "Dear child," she said, "thou wast a glimpse of soft blue sky between the clouds of my tempestuous life. Now that it beams forth once again, my day is closed." Just as Anthemmina had spoken thus, and had begun to lament over the wretched pass to which Iarine was brought, she heard approaching footsteps, and, casting up her death-stricken eyes, beheld Phantasmion. "Dorimant!" she faintly exclaimed; and Iarine, clasping her hands, cried, "Yes! the son of Dorimant! Phantasmion! He is come to save and to protect us!" Then, while the youth kneeled by her side, and told his tale, Anthemmina saw how she had been deceived by the watery vision, and whom the figures there portrayed did truly represent. She was glad to depart herself, and thankful to find that her child was destined for happiness, which had ever been a mere vision to her. "But the silver pitcher, given me by the guardian spirit of our race, that is still wanting!" So thought Anthemmina when she joined the hands of the youthful pair, and blessed their union. The mists of death had now begun to darken her eyes, but, ere they were closed for ever, she caught a glimpse of the charmed vessel, gleaming amid the

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cypress trees, and just discerned a train of aerial figures, which had glided thither from the sea, and were now pausing in silence amid the shadows of the grove. Her head then sank upon its earthy pillow, and, with a smile on her countenance, the mother of Iarine expired. The maiden closed her eyes, kissed her wan cheeks, and sank in a swoon upon her bosom. Phantasmion goes to raise her in his arms, but pauses on seeing another mourner come to weep for Anthemmina. It is Feydeleen, the Spirit of the Flowers; softly she rises from amid the lilies of the pool, her head wrapped in a hood, white as those lovely blossoms, while the ends of her shiny green mantle float away on either side of her bending form, and rest upon the surface of the water. And now she droops in sorrow over Anthemmina and the fainting maid; tears drop from her fair eyes on the faces of both, and her yellow locks, light as gossamer, fall down and mingle with the dark tresses of Anthemmina. At length she raised her head, and throwing back the snowy hood which had concealed her face, disclosed her bloomy cheeks and golden tendrils to Phantasmion. Feydeleen pointed to the silver pitcher, then to Iarine, and, softly smiling, whispered, "She is thine!" Hues of life were drawing on the maiden's cheek while Feydeleen retired among the white and azure blossoms. She veiled her head, and bowed it on the surface of the pool, as a water-lily closes her cup and lowers her flexile

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stem, when the sun is on his downward path. In a few moments, none but the heads of the lilies glimmered on the darkening waters of the marsh.

As Feydeleen disappeared, Iarine rose from the earth, supported in the arms of Phantasmion, and then the train of sea-nymphs, with feet glancing in the twilight, fair as foam that twinkles on the crest of a billow, poured forward like a soft advancing tide. The foremost of them brought the charmed vessel and placed it in the maiden's hand; they who came last bore the corse of Karadan; they paused among the cypresses, and Iarine held up the silver pitcher to hide the tears which flooded her drooping face. But ere those tears had ceased to flow, Phantasmion received it from the willing hand of his gentle-hearted maid.

The nymphs now surrounded Anthemmina's body, taking the weedy coronals from their heads to scatter them on that fair corse. Those who formed the outer circle blew melancholy notes through many a wreathed shell, attuning them to this farewell strain which their sisters chanted:

Ah, where lie now those locks that lately stream'd
'Mid gales that fann'd in vain that fever'd cheek?
Low let them rest, ye winds,
The heart now rests in peace.

How vainly, while the tortur'd bosom heav'd,
Restless as waves that lash'd her sea-beat haunt,
We strove to cool that cheek
Which death too quickly chill'd!

Like wreaths of mist, that some lone rock o'erhang,
And seem intent to melt the crags away,

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While with soft veil they hide,
Its tempest-riven head ;

We hover'd round thee on the lonesome beach,
And sought to calm thy brow with dewy hand,
Thy wild unquiet eye
With pitying glances met.

"O fly with us," we whisper'd ; "from glad hearts,
From mirthful bands that meet on moon-light shores,
We came to watch thee pace
This melancholy strand.

"A captive thou, an exile here confined ;
But fatal passion to more galling chains,
To exile more unblest,
Thy blinded spirit dooms.

"O fly with us ; no dangerous choice we know,
Mild heavenly influence guides our gentle lives,
Obedient as yon tide,
Sway'd by the circling moon.

"O fly with us, free, free as ocean gale,
To roam at large, releas'd from sorrow's power."—
Ah no!—far happier scenes,
More blissful change, be thine!

Through fields of radiance let thy spirit stray,
While these fair relics, shrin'd in ocean's depth,
Shall gleam like purest pearl,
Caress'd by winds and waves.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

PHANTASMION AND IARINE ARE WAFTED TO THE NARROW BAY, WHENCE THEY SAIL WITH ZELNETH AND LEUCOIA TO ROCKLAND.

WHILE the procession moved along the wood with Anthemmina's body, one of the many garlands that hung about it fell to the ground, which Iarine took up, and fondly twined amid her own tresses. Phantasmion observed the pomegranate wreath at a little distance glittering on the borders of the marsh; he went to fetch the relic, and placed it in his bosom, resolving to keep the memorial for his mother's sake. In the stillness of the air, as he stooped beside the pool, a mournful sound, like the boom of some distant bittern, came to his ear across the waters. It was the voice of Seshelma; just as Karadan expired, the witch was about to seize on his corse and the pitcher along with it; but Oloola had descended in a whirlwind, and, bearing her aloft, had plunged her in that pestiferous bog which bounded the Lost Land. Thence she dared not return into the sea, but ever after continued slowly roaming from one part of the fen to the other; while her moans and wailings, heard

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sometimes on the side of Tigridia, sometimes toward the Land of Rocks, augmented the horror with which the people of those countries regarded the marsh and the peninsula beyond it.

The moon was up when Phantasmion and his fair princess gained the beach, and espied Dorna sitting in the vessel with the seeming pilot. They entered it, and, when they had put out into the deep, no cloudlet was ever driven along the sky by the keen winds of March more swiftly than that skiff was made to fly over the ocean plain. After awhile, Phantasmion discerned before the vessel's prow a shadowy form which seemed to be guiding it on its way. Iarine saw not what he saw, for her eyes, from which the tears had scarcely ceased to flow, were now heavy with sleep, and at last she lay in slumber on Phantasmion's cloak upon the open deck. Then the phantom rose up from the waves, and turning about, revealed to him that still watched the face of Zalia. While she murmured blessings on his head, he pointed to the sleeping maid: "O bless her too," he cried, "who makes me blessed." The shade of Zalia bent toward Iarine, but soon recoiled, gazing with a sad look on the blue lilies which now lay withering on the damsel's stainless brow. But when Phantasmion removed Anthemmina's garland and placed the jewelled wreath upon the maiden's head, again the face of Zalia grew softly bright, and, bending over Iarine's tearful cheek to breathe a benison,

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she seemed like the moon shedding benign influence on some dewy flower.

When the stars faded in heaven, Zalia too disappeared, but first she pointed to a group of figures now in sight upon the margin of the narrow bay, and sighing said, "Awake, Iarine! thou hast fellow mourners! Lo, Zelneth and Leucoia weeping for their mother and for Karadan!" With that voice sounding in her ear Iarine awoke: the shade of Zalia had vanished, but she beheld the daughters of Magnart kneeling on the beach beside two prostrate forms. Nigh them a fair shape was pouring liquid on those lifeless bodies, but when Iarine approached the mourners, it disappeared leaving behind a fragrant atmosphere. Feydeleen had been performing the last kind office for the mother and the son: Arzene had watched and waited for Karadan in the bay till those same sea nymphs who bore his pale corse to the peninsula, transported it thence to her feet, then falling senseless over it, she was drowned by the advancing tide. The same vessel in which the son of Magnart sailed from these shores, received his embalmed body, with that of his mother. Iarine, Zelneth, and Leucoia, closely united in sorrow, entered the skiff with Phantasmion, and were driven by steady gales to the Rockland coast, not far from the Diamanthine Palace.

Leaving the fellow mourners at that royal abode, Phantasmion rejoined his kingly allies at the capital city of Rockland, and learned that Glandreth's

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army had submitted to their united forces without striking another blow, so that the whole country was subdued. Albinet with his mother Maudra had disappeared; for no sooner was the fatal end of Glandreth generally known, than the principal men of Rockland had revolted against the widowed queen, declaring that they would neither endure her sway, nor that of her sickly child. To escape their hands, she had fled with young Albinet, no one knew whither, and the chiefs placed their crown at the disposal of the allied monarchs, signifying a desire that he who should espouse the daughter of Albinian might reign over them. Phantasmion was not eager to embrace this proposal, but caused diligent search to be made for Iarine's brother, whose rights he resolved to uphold. At this time it was announced, that mines of iron, as well as of copper had been discovered in Gemmaura, and in a part of Palmland adjoining that district.

While Ulander was restored to his ancestral throne, the blooming Hermillian inherited Polyanthida. Meantime Penselimer and the sylvan chief found their fair consorts at the Diamanthine Palace, and heard how, in obedience to the voice of Feydeleen, they had followed their mother to the narrow bay, where they found her corse on the beach beside the body of Karadan. Afterwards Leucoia made known to Ulander, that the witch's cavern was destroyed on the night when the volcanic mountain filled the heavens with smoke; and Zel-

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neth told her kingly spouse, that the bleak waste around his castle had begun to smile with verdure, while the black cloud no longer rested on the horizon. "It is reported," said she, "that the dim vale has been freed from its diurnal canopy by the Spirit of the Blast, and that Melledine has drowned herself in a mountain pool which lies in deep shadow.

Phantasmion caused the remains of Albinian to be brought from Nemorosa under the care of the faithful goatherd, and to be interred in Rockland with fitting pomp. Magnart's body could never be certified among the heaps of slain which had been defaced by the trampling throng; but the obsequies of Arzene and of Karadan were solemnly performed, and splendid monuments were raised to their memory. Anthemmina had no share in these funeral honours; her relics could not be entombed beneath a solid marble pile: but the face of the deep, with its changeful hues and emotions, for the mind of Iarine, was her mother's monument, and strains like these she dedicated to her memory;

Poor is the portrait that one look portrays,
It mocks the face on which we loved to gaze;
A thousand past expressions all combin'd,
The mind itself depictured by the mind,
That face contains which in the heart is shrin'd.
Yet, dearest mother, if on lasting brass
Thy very self to future times might pass,
Ill could I bear such monument to build
For future times with dearer memories fill'd:
Ah no! thy fadeless portrait in my breast
From earth shall vanish when I sink to rest;

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But, ere to join thee on glad wings I go,
Thy sun-like influence, beaming here below,
In sorrow's hour, when earthly hope betrays me
To heav'n above, my hope's best aim, shall raise me,
In hours of bliss when heaven almost seems here.
For thy sweet memory claim the tribute tear;
So yon bright orb doth tearful incense gain
From glittering lake, sweet rill, and humid plain,
Yet dries the spray that trembled in the shower,
And shines reflected from each dripping flower.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

IARINE FINDS HER BROTHERS IN THE GROVE WHERE PHANTASMION FIRST SAW POTENTILLA.

When the days of mourning had expired, all the children of Magnart, with the kings who had espoused Zelneth and Leucoia, accompanied Phantasmion and his betrothed princess to Palmland, that they might be present at their nuptials. The country palace where the young monarch had always resided lay in their way, being at no great distance from the confines of Rockland; and here it was resolved that the company should sojourn, while preparations were made for the wedding in the principal city. There was a strange look on earth and sky when Iarine entered that regal domain, a hot sun being veiled by bluish mist; her cheeks glowed and her breath laboured with the stifled heat and with eager anticipation, for she expected shortly to behold her long lost infant brother. Eurelio was to be lord of Gemmaura, so Phantasmion had declared; but how could she rejoice over him without grieving for Albinet? And alas! where was Albinet to be found, or how could she discharge toward that beloved boy

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her promise to his father? With beating bosom she hastened onward, and entered the grove where Potentilla first showed herself to Phantasmion. There she espied a child just old enough to run alone, caressing a poor boy in tattered clothes, and presenting him with fruits, toys, and fragments of cake from a basket where all were mingled together. Close by was a woman who wore a beggar's garb, and seemed in woful plight; she sate upon the ground, her head inclined against a tree, watching that fair child and his pale comrade, who ate the dainties given him by the rosy little one as if he were well nigh famished. Her looks were full of misery, but not a tear-drop glittered down her ghastly cheek. Iarine knew at once that the younger child was Eurelio, and flew to embrace her darling charge, twice lost, and now twice found. While she held him in her arms the sickly boy wept, and catching her robe exclaimed, "O sister, wilt thou not speak to me? art thou too turned against me?" Startled by the sound of a well known voice, the lady looked at him steadfastly, and saw that he was her father's heir, the poor rejected Albinet. Then she gave Eurelio to his nurse, who had come up in breathless haste, and tenderly caressed her weeping brother, shedding tears herself while she wiped the big drops which fell from his eyes.

But soon his face beamed with happiness, though wan as frosted roses, and, turning to the wretched woman, who vainly strove to rise, "Mother," he

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cried, "our griefs are ended now: here is Iarine. Sister, didst thou find that healing well? If thou hast any of the water left, I pray thee give it to my mother." By this time the gentle princess had recognised Maudra's altered face, and, kneeling beside her, whispered words of consolation, declaring that she herself would be protected, and Albinet restored to his rights, by the generous king of Palmland. Tears now gushed in torrents from the eyes of Maudra, but still she could make no reply; her evil counsellor, whom she had met on the sea shore, after the destruction of Glandreth, and frantically strove to punish, had stricken a deadly chill into her frame and rendered her speechless. And now Phantasmion was seen holding up the charmed vessel among the boughs of the pomegranate tree, which stood a little way back within the grove. Potentilla sate in the shadow, while Feydeleen, less hidden by the foliage, was pouring a fragrant liquid from her chalice into the pitcher: and just as Zelneth and Leucoia, with the rest of the company, arrived, he shed the Flower Spirit's balmy gift on the head of Albinet, whose body gradually changed as the precious drops trickled over it, till by the time they reached the ground he stood erect in blooming health and vigour. His limbs, on which the ragged garments had before hung loose, now muscular and shapely, filled them out to their full stretch; his form was upright, and his cheeks, though not so round and soft, were blooming as those of

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Eurelio. Maudra had witnessed the change with flushed cheek and gleaming eye, but could not utter a word of joy or thankfulness. Albinet flung his arms around her neck; "O, mother!" he said, "why art thou not healed of this dire malady?" But Maudra scarcely thought of him or that; for now again her eye was fastened on Eurelio. Iarine observed that look, and blamed herself that she had so long delayed to place the lost one in his mother's arms. In haste she brought him to her side, and gently whispered, "This is thy rescued babe, thy sweet Eurelio!" Joy lighted up the face of the dying woman at those words; she strove to clasp the smiling child to her bosom; but, ere she reached him, her sight failed, and, sinking backwards, she expired in the arms of Albinet.

A little while afterwards, Phantasmion looked down into the grove, and saw the heir of Rockland leaning against a tree with his weeping eyes fixed upon the ground. The Flower Spirit gleamed beside him in the hazy light, and seemed to smile, as she bent forward, like a sapling swayed by a gentle breeze, to crown his drooping brow with thornless roses. Eurelio was too young to weep the death of Maudra; he thought she slumbered when silently and softly she was borne away. With Potentilla's wand he struck a hollow trunk of sycamore, and sweetly his childish laughter rang through the grove, when myriads of bees came crowding forth, and shone with all the dyes of the opal, as

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they hung from a branch above his head. Phantasmion felt as if he had dreamed of years, not lived them; the fairy looked as old and upright as when she first appeared to him; the trees around all seemed as green and flourishing; the grove was filled with just the same soft insect murmur, and that bright swarm hung dazzling as of yore.

But lo! the sun has broken through its hazy veil, and Feydeleen's soft cheek, as if it faded in the brilliant light, is seen no more among the blossoms; Albinet raises his head, from which the airy chaplet melts away, and with wonder-stricken eyes Eurelio gazes upward, for Potentilla has risen from his side. A moment yet the wings of her insect steeds are painted against the background of one lingering cloudlet—but now they disappear, while earth below, suffused with splendour, becomes a softened image of the heavens themselves.

Phantasmion looked round in momentary dread, lest Iarine should have proved a spirit and vanished like the rest; but there she stood, her face beaming bright as ever in full sunshine, the earnest that all he remembered and all he hoped for was not to fade like a dream.

FINIS.

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FIRESIDE

EDUCATION.

"Since custom is the principal magistrate of man's life, let men by all means endeavor to obtain good customs. Certainly custom is most perfect when it beginneth in young years; this we call Education, which is in effect but early custom."

Bacon.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

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lowing pages is briefly this: man comes into existence marked by his Creator as the subject of a peculiar design, which is, that he shall reach the perfection of his being through education. This point I illustrate by comparisons, showing that while all the animal races are incapable of being benefited by instruction, and obtain their perfection without it, man can only receive the full development of his physical, intellectual and moral faculties through a process of teaching and training.

While man thus stands in contrast to every other living thing as the subject of education, it is to be remarked, as a part of the same great scheme of Providence, that the controlling lessons of life, those which last the longest, those which result in fixed habits and permanent tastes, and usually determine the character for good or ill, are given in early life; that they are given at the fireside seminary; and that here the parent, as well by the ordinance of God as the institutions of society, is the teacher. The responsibility of the parent is inferred from these premises. If they are founded in truth, it would seem that every reflecting father and mother must feel, that, after a provision for the comforts of life, education, in its true and full sense—the developing and perfecting the various physical, moral and intellectual faculties of their children—is the first and strongest duty; and that to sacrifice this, or any part of this, for the purpose of acquiring wealth, or station, or honor, or any other worldly interest, whether designed for parent or child, is but a surrender to an inferior good and a lesser obligation, of the greatest benefit and the highest trust. The Great Lawgiver has nowhere said to parents, bestow wealth, honor or power on your children, but he has said to them, by the very constitution of human nature, educate your

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children wisely, if you would train them up to fulfil their duty and their destiny—if you would ensure their escape from misery or promote their chance of happiness. It is for parents to decide whether they will follow the plan of One who sees the end from the beginning, or be seduced into dangerous and fatal error—dangerous and fatal as well to their own peace as to that of their children—by the suggestions of worldly vanity or current prejudice.

In this volume, I address myself specially to parents, though I deem that the subject may well claim the attention of teachers, of guardians of children, and indeed of every member of society. It demands of those who are called to the high trust of legislation, whether in our state or national assemblies, as well as of all others in authority, deep and careful consideration. The poet has said that "the proper study of mankind is man." In treating of education, we are but seeking the best mode of influencing man's character. Our first step is, then, to understand man's nature. The inquiry into this is that study which is rightly affirmed to be the proper business of all. But parents have a higher interest and a more imperative duty than others, connected with this subject. They are the lawgivers of their children. They lay down the chart by which those whom God gives them, are to regulate the voyage of life. Whether this voyage, therefore, be disastrous or successful, mainly depends on parents.

Having endeavored to show the power and responsibility of parents in respect to education, I have then attempted to point out the proper course to be pursued in the government, training and instruction of children. The hints I have given are chiefly drawn from observation, but they are only offered as hints, subject to the

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revision of those more experienced than myself. At all events, the subject is of great importance, and though I may not have furnished the parent a manual which may serve as a guide in the high task of training his children in the way in which they should go, I may still succeed in rousing him to inquiry, and this will be a great point gained.

I have but to add, that if, in the following pages, I may sometimes appear to be repetitious, I hope it may be excused, from the obvious importance of impressing certain leading points upon the mind of the reader; and that if I often use familiar illustrations, it may be deemed compatible with the design of a work intended for general circulation, and in the preparation of which practical effect, not rhetorical daintiness, should be the guide of the writer.

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